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Alliances

Alliances-

Stormclan -

Leader -

Ravenstar - Jet black she-cat with a white star on her forehead and blue eyes. Mate - Thunderspark

Deputy -

Silverclaw - Silver tom with white ears and a black stripe down his chest and hazel eyes. Mate - Featherwisp

Medicine Cat -

Echoherb - Gray and brown she-cat with green eyes.

Warriors -

Featherwhisp - Pure gray she-cat with a white spot at the end of her tail and blue eyes. Mate - Silverclaw

Sharpnose - Many colored, brown, gray, black, red, she-cat with gray eyes. Mate - Tinyclaw

Redtail - Very red tom with brown tipped ears and paws, hazel eyes. Mate - Scarear

Scarear - Small brown she-cat, missing left ear from a battle, one green eye, one blue eye. Mate - Redtail

Tinyclaw - Tom with small paws and blue fur. Green eyes. Mate - Sharpnose. Apprentice - Swiftpaw

Petalfur - Silver she-cat with a pink tint to her fur, blue eyes.

Ashcoat - Gray tom with black paws and green eyes.

Thunderspark - Flame colored tom with a white mark on his forehead that looks like a thunderbolt, amber eyes. Mate - Ravenstar. Apprentice - Sweetpaw

Flametalon - Flame colored tom with scars from when he was attacked by a hawk. Mate - Riverrush. Apprentice - Rockpaw

Queens & Their Kits -

Riverrush - Blue she-cat with blue eyes. Mate - Flametalon. Kits - Flamekit, Spottedkit, Bluekit, Rainkit, Nightkit

Skytail - White she-cat with black nose and amber eyes. Mate - Lionclaw from Leafclan. Kits - Willowkit, Wolfkit, Foxkit, Goldenkit

Elders -

Windrush - Dusty brown colored tom with hazel eyes

Swiftclaw - Red/brown tom, blind. Once had green eyes

Apprentices -

Sweetpaw - Long haired tan she-cat with blue eyes

Rockpaw - Deep brown tom with blue eyes

Swiftpaw - Very fast gray tom with green eyes

Nightclan -

Leader -

Shadowstar - Mostly black, with white spots tom. Green eyes. Mate - Shallowfrost

Deputy -

Blacktail - White tom with black Tail and blue eyes. Apprentice - Whitepaw

Medicine Cat -

Yellowclaw - Yellowish she-cat with blue eyes. Apprentice - Rushpaw

Warriors -

Sandear - Blonde she-cat with brown ears and green eyes. Mate - Wintergrass

Shallowfrost - Brown, black, white, and gray spotted she-cat with light blue eyes. Mate - Shadowstar

Wintergrass - White tom with green eyes. Apprentice - Emberpaw

Bloodclaw - Red pawed, gray furred tom with gray eyes. Mate - Fallowtail. Apprentice - Silverpaw

Queens & Their Kits -

Fallowtail - Pure gray she-cat. Mate - Bloodclaw. Kits - Darkkit, Oakkit.

Elders -

Smallclaw - Small tom with flame colored pelt.

Apprentices -

Silverpaw - Silver tom with brown eyes.

Emberpaw - Flame colored she-cat with green eyes.

Leafclan -

Leader -

Windstar - Gray she-cat with long hair and white paws. Blue eyes. Apprentice - Leafpaw

Deputy -

Silverstrike - Pure silver tom with green eyes. Mate - Blossomtail

Medicine Cat -

Clearwing - White tom with hazel eyes and gray ears. Apprentice - Goldenpaw

Warriors -

Rivertree - Blue tom with green eyes. Apprentice - Thornpaw

Blossomtail - Silver she-cat with pink tint. Blue eyes. Mate - Silverstrike

Barkstorm - Brown tom with brown eyes. Apprentice - Duskpaw

Heatherheart - Gray she-cat with blue eyes. Mate - Hawktalon

Hawktalon - Dark gray tom with green eyes. Mate - Heatherheart

Queens & Their Kits -

Thistleberry - Black she-cat with a white tail and blue eyes. Mate - Rouge. Kits - Honeykit, Longkit, Berrykit

Apprentices -

Duskpaw - Deep brown tom with amber eyes.

Thornpaw - White tom with hazel eyes.

Snowclan -

Leader -

Snowstar - Gray she-cat with amber eyes. Long scar down her face including her eye from battle.

Deputy -

Roseheart - Silvery she-cat with green eyes. White stripe on her back. Mate - Tigerstripe

Medicine Cat -

Goldenfeather - Lioness looking she-cat with amber eyes.

Warriors -

Nighthawk - Black tom with a white stripe on his head and hazel. Apprentice - Yellowpaw

Lightfeather - Light gray she-cat with blue eyes. Mate - Shimmerpelt

Tigerstripe - Tiger looking tom with amber eyes and black paws. Mate - Roseheart

Shimmerpelt - White and black tom with glossy pelt and brown eyes. Mate - Lightfeather

Jaywhisper - Blue she-cat with green eyes. Apprentice - Mousepaw

Glowstrike - Golden tom with brown eyes

Queens & Their Kits -

Dawnlight - Black she-cat with a white heart shape on her chest. Mate - Flameclaw of Cloudclan. Kits - Fernkit, Icekit

Apprentices -

Yellowpaw - Small gray tom with white ears and green eyes

Mousepaw - Brown she-cat with golden eyes

Cloudclan -

Leader -

Darkstar - Black tom with white paws and amber eyes

Deputy -

Winterscar - White tom with silver paws and green eyes

Medicine Cat -

Tallgrass - Blue she-cat with brown eyes

Warriors -

Thindusk - Thin brown tom with white ears and blue eyes

Heavyheart - Long furred blue tom with green eyes. Apprentice - Waterpaw

Wolfhowl - Wolf looking she-cat with blue eyes. Apprentice - Frogpaw

Flameclaw - Flame colored tom with green eyes

Stoneroar - Gray she-cat with one blue eyes and one green eye. Mate - Loudgleam

Loudgleam - Blonde tom with a gray chest

Queens & Their Kits -

Elders -

Apprentices -

Frogpaw - Red tom with green eyes

Waterpaw - Blue she-cat with blue eyes

Chapter One-

Following Willowkit

"Willowkit! Get over here!" Skytail called from the nursery. Willowkit paused in her scuffle with Wolfkit, and that moment of hesitation allowed Wolfkit to pounce on her.

"Get off Wolfkit!" Willowkit complained. Wolfkit didn't move.

"Only if you surrender." Wolfkit mewed. Willowkit nipped his tail, and he jumped up. "Ow!"

"Next time, listen to me." Willowkit snapped, and shook the dust out of her pelt. She stormed off to where Skytail was sunning herself by the freshkill pile. Willowkit sprayed dust behind her in Wolfkit's face. Skytail let out a *mroww* of amusement when Wolfkit sneezed.

"What do you need, Skytail?" Willowkit asked. Skytail tilted her head.

"I dont *need* anything. I was wondering if you and Wolfkit would like to do some battle moves with Sharpnose."

"Yes!!" Willowkit and Wolfkit yowled at the same time. They started to circle each other.

"Well then come on you lumps of fur!" Sharpnose came around from the other side of the freshkill pile, making Willowkit jump. Sharpnose padded to the kit training center. Willowkit and Wolfkit followed happily.

"Sit down kits." Sharpnose instructed. They sat. She curled her tail around her paws and fixed her sharp gaze on them. "Battle or hunt?"

"Battle!"

"Hunt!" They looked at each other. Willowkit wanted to fight,

Wolfkit wanted to hunt. Willowkit pulled her ears back.

"You've got to be kidding. Even Goldenkit would want to fight." Willowkit meowed in disgust. Wolfkit growled.

"Hunting keeps warriors strong so they *can* fight, mousebrain!" Wolfkit flicked his tail angrily.

"Without fighting skills, you could lose the prey you worked so hard to catch. You could lose the most plump vole in the forest to a kittypet if you don't have battle skills." Willowkit pointed out. Sharpnose was watching with amusement glittering in her eyes. Wolfkit was just about to spit something back, but Sharpnose stuck her paw out in from of them.

"You are both right. You need hunting skills-" Wolfkit puffed out his chest triumphantly. "-but you need battle skills more."

"Told ya." Willowkit hissed. Wolfkit glared at her, then looked back at Sharpnose.

"Let's begin. Willowkit, jump at Wolfkit. Wolfkit, see if you can anticipate any of her moves." Sharpnose watched as Willowkit launched herself at Wolfkit, who was caught by surprise. They tumbled to the ground in a mass of fur and teeth. No claws, even the newest kit knew that. Willowkit was bigger than Wolfkit, giving her an advantage. She feigned being hurt.

"Willowkit, are you okay?" Wolfkit's voice was laced with worry. Willowkit tightened her muscles and sprung forward, pinning Wolfkit to the ground.

"Good. You can release him." Sharpnose stood. Her tail lay on the ground. Willowkit pushed herself off Wolfkit, and dusted herself off.

"I need a real challenge." Willowkit complained, drawing a paw over her ear. Sharpnose licked Wolfkit's head. He struggled to get away, but her paws held him in place.

"Willowkit, you want a challenge? Go attack Nightkit." Sharpnose meowed. Willowkit immediately hopped up, and performed a perfect hunting crouch. She started to slither on her belly towards

the eating Nightkit. He was completely unaware she was only a mouselength away. The mouse he was chewing was already half gone.

She stopped moving, only a whisker length from his tail. Then she jumped. Her legs pushed off the ground, and she landed square on his shoulders, making his face get smooshed into the mouse. Laughter erupted amongst the watching cats. Nightkit arched his back and Willowkit went tumbling off, allowing Nightkit to jump on her, pinning her to the ground. His black ears were pinned back, and amusement was in his eyes, but he tried to be scary.

"I'm a big bad fox, and now I'm hungry. You've ruined my meal, little kit." He licked his lips, and Willowkit squealed.

"Let me go you fox!" She spat. She squirmed beneath him. He leaned down, and licked her on the ear.

"You're not my for my taste, too sweet." He let his grip loosen. Willowkit pushed him off, and dug her claws into his back, purring as he struggled to throw her off. He was running around in circles, then Wolfkit jumped in front of him.

"Warriors! Look!" Wolfkit bounced on his paws as a few warriors came bursting through the entrance. Silverclaw was in the lead, with Petalfur, Redtail, and Featherwisp behind him. They were all panting for breath.

"Leaf....clan....attacked us....at border....lost....Hushedwater....." Silverclaw panted. "Coming....here..."

"What?" Ravenstar emerged from her den in the dip at the edge of camp, with Thunderspark behind here. "Are they following you?"

"From what I can tell....yes. I wanted to warn you first." Silverclaw's voice was getting stronger and stronger. He jumped up on the high rock next to him, and called out.

"Let all cats old enough to hunt gather below the big rock!" Silverclaw called out. Ravenstar glared at him, and her tail flicked back and forth with anger.

"Skytail, get the Kits inside. Now." Ravenstar ordered. Willowkit and Nightkit were sitting side by side in front of the nursery.

"Willowkit, Nightkit, Come on. We need to get inside." Skytail rounded them up. The others were already inside. Willowkit didn't move.

"No. I want to listen." Willowkit complained. Nightkit nodded.

"Same. I'm five moons old. I should be allowed to listen." Nightkit scooted closer to Willowkit. Skytail nosed them towards the nursery, and they stumbled in.

"Cover for me." Willowkit whispered in Nightkit's ear. Nightkit nodded.

"Of course." He replied. Willowkit backed up, and dashed out of the large nursery. She sat in the Shade behind it, almost invisible.

"-coming here now. We need lines of defense, we need to have a plan." Silverclaw was perched on top of the big rock, shoulders forward. "We can defeat them if we-"

Many cats burst through the clearing, snarling. A gray she-cat jumped at the Cat nearest to Willowkit, Ashcoat. They fought with claws out, biting at each other's throats. Then the clearing erupted into chaos.

Chapter Two-

Following Willowkit

Willowkit was crouched next to the nursery, eyes wide and scared as cats rolled by, hissing and fighting. She snuck forward a little, trying to see. Nightkit poked his head out of the nursery, and slowly crawled out. He was at the corned when a black tom jumped in front of him. He plastered himself against the wall, scared. The tom sneered.

"You're a little young to be out of your nest, foxdung." He growled. Nightkit hissed. The tom stepped forward, and gripped Nightkit's scruff. Nightkit yelped as he clamped down harder than should be allowed. Willowkit jumped out from her hiding place. She charged at the retreating tom, and jumped on his back. Her claws dug in, and even though they didn't hurt a lot, they annoyed. He dropped Nightkit, and whipped his head around to snap at Willowkit. She lashed out a paw with claws out and got his eye. Blood welled out of the wound, making him screech. Willowkit dropped off his back as he ran out of the camp. She turned to Nightkit.

"Are you okay?" She asked. He was shaking.

"Yeah....I should be saving you though." He licked her ear. She purred.

"No. This isn't the time. We need to get inside." She marched into the nursery, her paw still wet with blood.

"What happened?!" Skytail screeched. She ran over to Willowkit and started to lick her. "Who did this?!"

"I did. Nightkit was in trouble, so I clawed the warrior that had him. His eye was damaged." Willowkit was shivering now. Nightkit pressed his flank against hers, and they let themselves be licked clean.

"Willowkit! What happened? Were the warriors scary?" Goldenkit squeaked. Flamekit fell behind her, along with Spottedkit, Bluekit, Rainkit, Wolfkit, and Foxkit.

"Yes they were scary." She replied politely. "They were big and-"

The nursery wall was torn open, black and white paws with gleaming claws reaching inside. Skytail slashed at them, but they were replaced by more. Nightkit and Willowkit jumped up, and bit any paw that came near the other kits. A gray paw slashed at Rainkit, and she flopped down, still. Willowkit and Nightkit both let out a cry of loss, and lunged at the paw, hissing. They slashed at it and bit it, and by the time they were done, it was a mess. Blood oozed out of the paw, and only two claws remained. It was pulled back, and the Cat ran away howling. Another reached in, and Willowkit scratched it. A brown cat shouldered It's way in through the broken walls, and Nightkit and Willowkit attacked, driving her back together. She turned and ran. Skytail was still fighting to keep the main wall from going down completely. Rainkit was still bleeding, and her breaths were slow and shallow. She let out one last breath before she left. Nightkit wailed, and it echoed around the camp. All cats were fighting now, fighting to live, fighting for revenge, fighting for the future. Only Rainkit and Windrush were gone. Swiftclaw was snarling and protecting Windrush's cold body. The bodies were to numerous to count, and the destroyed dens would take forever to repair. Fur and blood covered the ground as the Leafclan cats retreated.

"And stay out!" Ravenstar snarled at the last retreating Leafclan cat. The bushes trembled after him. Ravenstar swept her eyes around the clearing, checking the damage. Everyone was hurt.

Willowkit crouched next to Nightkit, grieving for her lost clanmate. Riverrush came running to the nursery, and wailed when she saw her dead kit.

"Rainkit! No!" She cried. She fell next to Rainkit's body, and buried here nose in her fur. The rest of the nursery denmates did the same. All were scared. All were wounded. All would remember tonight. All would be haunted.

Chapter Three-

Following Willowkit

"Until you get your warrior name, you Will be known as Willowpaw. Sharpnose Will be your mentor." Ravenstar announced. Willowpaw filled with pride. Nightpaw was watching her from the entrance of the Apprentice den, eyes gleaming with pride. She dipped her head and headed to him.

"Congratulations Willowpaw!" Skytail stepped in front of Willowpaw, purring. Willowpaw's steps faltered as she tried not to run into Skytail.

"Uh...thanks." Willowpaw leaned to look at Nightpaw over Skytail's shoulder. He was sitting next to Goldenpaw. Willowpaw's tail drooped, and looked at Skytail.

Goldenpaw tried to get closer to Nightpaw. Nightpaw stood up, and stepped away. Goldenpaw curled her tail over her paws.

"Nightpaw, can my nest be next to yours?" Goldenpaw purred. Nightpaw took another step away.

"Maybe. I want Willowpaw to be next to me." Nightpaw padded towards Willowpaw, Just barely hearing Goldenpaw's hiss of annoyance. Goldenpaw stormed away from the den, and headed to the entrance when Flamepaw jumped next to her.

"Can I come?" He asked, and Goldenpaw let her head droop.

"Yeah....sure." Goldenpaw muttered. Flamepaw hopped alongside her, chattering as she ignored him. The bushes rustled, then they were gone.

Nightpaw watched Willowpaw try to get away from Skytail, and failing.

"I-im sorry, but I need to talk to Nightpaw." Willowpaw stepped to

the side and squeezed past Skytail as she padded away. Willowpaw fluffed out her fur and jumped right in front of Nightpaw. He swiped at her face, and then jumped on her. She was flattened, then she rolled over, pinning Nightpaw.

"I win!" She yowled. The nearby warriors laughed.

"Yes O Great Willowpaw. I surrender." Nightpaw meowed mockingly. Willowpaw hopped off, and curled her tail over her paws as she sat down. Nightpaw pushed himself up, and shook his black pelt.

"You two done goofing around?" Sharpnose appeared behind Willowpaw, making her jump. Her fur stood on in, making Nightpaw laugh. She smoothed her fur down, and licked her chest in embarrassment."Can we go now?"

"Y-yeah..." Willowpaw padded after the retreating Sharpnose. Nightpaw fixed his sharp gaze on her back.

"Cya later Willowpaw!" Nightpaw called. Willowpaw smiled, and her and Sharpnose pushed past the camp entrance.

"We will be practicing hunting. Don't roll your eyes at me." Sharpnose joked. The leaves rustled and the bushed scraped on their fur as they reached the training hollow. The dirt was dusty and light, clawmarks were still in the sandy dirt from the last pair that trained here. Sharpnose sprayed dirt as she crossed the hollow so she and Willowpaw were on opposite sides.

"Show me your best hunter's crouch." Sharpnose commanded. Willowpaw immediately dropped down so her bellyfur was just brushing the ground. Her paws were spread out perfectly, her tail was sticking straight out, balancing her.

"Perfect!" Sharpnose purred. "You're a natural."

Willowpaw dipped her head at the praise. *I'm sure all mentors say that.*

"I'm better at battling than hunting." Willowpaw announced. Sharpnose sat down and let her tail flick dust up.

"Then shred that leaf." She pointed to a leaf far up with her tail. It was drifting slowly down. Willowpaw crouched, muscles bunched, and stared at the leaf. She launched herself up, and her claws got caught in the leaf, and she landed on her paws. The leaf was stuck to her claws. She flicked her paw, trying to dislodge the leaf. She hissed in annoyance.

"I said shred it, not hook it." Sharpnose teased. Willowpaw shook her paw again, then pulled the leaf off with her teeth.

"Stupid foxhearted leaf." Willowpaw growled. Sharpnose laughed.

"It doesn't have a heart." Sharpnose padded over to Willowpaw. "Can you smell anything?"

"Vole." Willowpaw answered after a moment of smelling. She immediately dropped into her hunter crouch, and headed towards the creature that was I a bush. It darted out, and Willowpaw pelted after it. After a moment's chase, she pounced on it and gave a swift nip to the neck, killing it. She picked up her prey and went back to the training hollow. Sharpnose was waiting.

"Nice catch. You and Nightpaw can enjoy that later." There was a hint of amusement in Sharpnose's meow. Willowpaw held her head up higher as she trotted to the way back to camp. She paused, waiting for permission. Sharpnose nodded. Then she took off through the forest, approaching the camp fast. Sharpnose followed, only a mouselength behind her. The vole dangled limply from Willowpaw's jaws.

They burst into the clearing, out of breath. Almost half the clan was gone. Willowpaw padded towards the freshkill pile, then stopped when she remembered she could eat the vole. She turned to the apprentice's den, and hurried inside.

The den was empty. Willowpaw set her prey down in her nest, and quickly say down. Moments later, Goldenpaw walked inside. She hissed when she saw Willowpaw. Those two were never particularly close, even though they were sisters.

"Oh, It's *you*." Goldenpaw spat like Willowpaw was crowfood.

Willowpaw pulled her ears back.

"What did I do to deserve your Oh so positive as attitude?" Willowpaw asked sarcastically.

"You stole Nightpaw, that's what." Goldenpaw snapped. Willowpaw looked at her paws.

"I didn't steal Nightpaw. He wasn't yours, and Nightpaw is allowed to like who he likes. I didn't steal Nightpaw." Willowpaw defended herself.

"Who stole me?" Nightpaw appeared behind Goldenpaw, making her jump slightly. She whirled around, and successfully smacking him in the face with her tail. Willowpaw snickered.

"Oh...um...n-nothing, Nightpaw. We were just talking about how you'd steal her vole." Goldenpaw stammered. Nightpaw narrowed his eyes.

"Uh huh. Mind if I share that?" Nightpaw looked at Willowpaw. Willowpaw nodded.

"It's okay." Willowpaw pushed it in-between their nests, ignoring the glare from a jealous Goldenpaw.

"Your catch?" Nightpaw asked. Goldenpaw stormed out of the den, and headed to the freshkill pile.

"Yeah....my first catch." Willowpaw licked her chest, embarrassed. Nightpaw crouched in his nest and took a bite. Willowpaw crouched down and nibbled too.

"Mmm....vole is always my favorite." Nightpaw told her before going in for a second bite. Willowpaw had to agree. Vole was delicious.

"I agree." Willowpaw and Nightpaw didn't say anything else, just ate in silence. Warriors gathered outside, returning from patrols and hunting. Most picked up prey from the freshkill pile, then ate with the ones that didn't get any. Even Ravenstar was sharing with her mate, Thunderspark. Goldenpaw was sharing a large mouse with

Flamepaw.

"When you're done eating, all four of us are going to practice battle moves." Ashcoat appeared at the mouth of the den, Sharpnose behind him. Willowpaw and Nightpaw looked up, them at each other.

"Great!" Willowpaw jumped up and dashed out the den, Nightpaw thundering behind her. Sharpnose just barely stepped out of the way. Willowpaw and Nightpaw charged towards the entrance, earning curious glances towards the Apprentice den. Ashcoat and Sharpnose padded after the apprentices, and pushed past the camp entrance.

"Come on Willowpaw!" Nightpaw was pulling ahead, the training hollow just a few foxlengths away. Willowpaw made herself run faster, and they both exploded into the hollow at the same time, panting.

"I win." Willowpaw sat down.

"No you didn't, I did." Nightpaw argued.

"Well, you beat us, so you both win." Sharpnose and Ashcoat stumbled into the hollow.

"But that's no fun!" Willowpaw complained. Nightpaw rammed his shoulder into hers, making her fall over. She jumped up and pounced on him, and they started to wrestle. After a few moments, when the dust was unbearable, Sharpnose stepped forward.

"Okay that's enough." She meowed, and the apprentices broke apart, panting. Their fur was sticking up, covered in dirt.

"Okay. Now. Battle practice. Nightpaw, you know more than her, so would you like to show her a move? It doesn't matter what one." Ashcoat suggested. Sharpnose shot a glance at him, confused. She sat down next to him, her fluffy tail around her paws.

"Aren't the mentors supposed to teach new moves?" She questioned as Nightpaw dropped into a crouch. Ashcoat watched his apprentice as Nightpaw leaped up onto the trunk of a tree, then launched

himself off.

"I let him help other apprentices. It's a good training method." Ashcoat sniffed. Sharpnose shrugged, and watched as Willowpaw performed the leap perfectly.

"Like that?" Willowpaw shook the dust from her fur.

"Perfect. Now, try it on me." Nightpaw instructed. Willowpaw gasped.

"I could hurt you!"

"Nice joke. Now do it." Nightpaw stood in the spot Willowpaw was just in as She charged for the tree. She dug her claws into the bark, and pushed herself off, retracting her claws. She landed on Nightpaw, only missing her goal by a mousetail.

"Again."

They practiced until sunset, and by the time they were done, they were both starving and exhausted.

"Wanna share a bird?" Nightpaw asked shyly as they padded into camp. Almost every warrior and apprentice was eating and sharing tongues. Goldenpaw was crouching in the crack by the apprentice den, glaring at Willowpaw.

"Sounds good." Willowpaw purred. They walked over to the pile and Nightpaw grabbed a black bird. Willowpaw settled down on the ground, Nightpaw next to her. "This was an amazing first day."

"I agree. Even though it wasn't my first day, I enjoyed it a lot." Nightpaw mumbled around the feathers.

If only Goldenpaw wasn't a stubborn furball. Willowpaw thought. *Then maybe She could see Wolfpaw's a good friend for her.*

Chapter Four-

~Time lapse: 3 seasons~

Willowpaw lunged at the brown tom, hissing. He slashed at her muzzle, and blood spattered the leaves next to her. She paused for a moment, blinking away the blood, and he took that moment of hesitation to pounce on her. The other cries of battle were drowned out as Willowpaw struggled to get away. Her swipes at the tom grazed off his pelt, and he dug his claws into her shoulder.

"Get off of Willowpaw!" Nightswipe's loud yowled just barely reached Willowpaw's ears as Barkstorm's weight lifted off of her. She gasped for breath, and shakily stood up. Nightswipe was clawing at Barkstorm, only one wound. It was a long cut on his side, dripping blood. Barkstorm was only fighting with one paw, the other was twisted. Willowpaw leaped onto Barkstorm's back, and bit on his scruff. She clawed at his back, leaving lots of scratches and cuts. His pelt was sticky with blood, and he sank to the ground, panting. Willowpaw jumped off, and looked around the clearing. Blood was spattered on the grass and trees, bodies were laid out with claws extended and lips drawn back.

"Look out!" Nightswipe screeched before hurtling himself behind Willowpaw. She whirled around to see Silverstrike and Nightswipe fighting. Nightswipe pinned Silverstrike down, and bared his teeth. Silverstrike pushed Nightswipe off, and slashed the side of his head. Three long marks went down Nightswipe's face, just narrowly missing his eye. Nightswipe fell on the ground, shrieking in pain. Silverstrike poised to pounce, and Willowpaw launched herself at him. Her claws sank into his neck, and blood welled out. He made a strangled gurgle sound, and his eyes glazed over as more and more blood gushed out. His forest green eyes were now a light green, and his body fell when Willowpaw drew her paw back, horrified. A dark gray tom didn't notice the claws of Sharpnose rake across his side when he saw Silverstrike's dead body.

"Silverstrike is dead!" He wailed to the sky, and was tackled by a

snarling Sharpnose.

"Leafclan! Retreat!" Windstar yowled, and all the Leafclan cats stopped fighting, turned towards their border, and streaked out of the clearing. The only one that didn't leave was the one Sharpnose had pinned. He was staring up at her with wide scared green eyes.

"Who are you?" Sharpnose snarled in his face. His eyes spread further at the sight of a bristling Sharpnose.

"I-im Hawktalon. Please don't kill me!" He begged. Willowpaw ran over to Nightswipe, who was still bleeding from the clawmarks.

"Someone get Echoherb!" Willowpaw wailed. Thunderspark bolted out of the clearing. Nightswipe's breathing was slow. Sharpnose looked at Willowpaw with sorrow in her eyes, but stayed on top of the terrified Leafclan cat. The other cats of the battle party - Tinyclaw, Ashcoat, Silverclaw, Petalfur, and Ravenstar - spilt up. Ravenstar and Ashcoat came over to Willowpaw and Nightswipe, Petalfur and Silverclaw checked the other fallen cat - Flametalon - and Tinyclaw went over to his mate. Willowpaw buried her nose in Nightswipe's black fur, breathing in his scent. Echoherb ran into the clearing, herbs in her mouth. She saw Willowpaw, and hurried to her side. Thankfully, Nightswipe was on the side that wasn't wounded, so Echoherb could put marigold and cobweb on his side. It turned red, but didn't seep. She then attended carefully to his face. He had cobweb on the entire side of his face, that cobweb was slowly becoming red. Echoherb looked up at Willowpaw.

"He should be fine. He just needs to rest. We need to get him to my den." Echoherb stood, and beckoned Ravenstar. "You and Ashcoat need to carry him *gently* to my den. I will make him a nest soon, put him in mine."

Ravenstar and Ashcoat nodded, and picked Nightswipe up carefully. His head swayed as they padded out of the clearing, towards camp. Willowpaw trudged behind slowly, head hung. Her paws were sticky with blood, and her pelt help scratches and a bite that stung. She couldn't feel the pain though, she was too worried about Nightswipe.

~Time lapse: 2 sunrises~

"Is she ready to become a warrior, Sharpnose?" Ravenstar asked Willowpaw's mentor. Sharpnose nodded, eyes full of pride. *If only Skytail was here.* Willowpaw thought sadly. Skytail had died two moon's ago.

"She has been ready for moons." Sharpnose replied.

"Very well. Willowpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and protect it, even at the cost of your own life?" Ravenstar looked down at Willowpaw. Willowpaw felt like she couldn't speak, all eyes were on her.

"Y-yes. I do." She replied, nervous. Nightswipe was watching her from the mouth of the medicine cat's den.

"Then by the powers of Starclan, and as leader of Stormclan, I hearby name you Willowswipe, and Stormclan honors your bravery, trust, and sharp wit as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan." Ravenstar's voice rang out loud and clear. Willowswipe was still rolling her new name around. *Willowswipe, just like Nightswipe's. Did Ravenstar name me that on purpose?* Willowswipe wondered. She shook her head and licked Ravenstar's shoulder.

"Willowswipe! Willowswipe! Willowswipe! Willowswipe!" The clan cheered for their new warrior. Goldenpaw, Foxpaw, and Wolfpaw glared at Willowswipe for becoming a warrior first. Goldenpaw still hated Willowswipe for Nightswipe.

"Even though She was the only one that got her warrior name, I would like all of you to honor her littermates, who bravely defended the camp as we fought. Goldenpaw! Foxpaw! Wolfpaw!" Ravenstar yowled, and the clan joined in. Willowswipe's call was only halfhearted. Goldenpaw straightened up at the praise, but her eyes still held anger. Same with Foxpaw and Wolfpaw. *What did I ever do to Foxpaw or Wolfpaw?* Willowswipe wondered. She looked around the camp, and her gaze settled on one cat.

"This clan meeting is over!" Ravenstar announced, and she jumped off the cliff gently. Willowswipe immediately slipped away from the

congratulating cats around her, and darted to Nightswipe.

"Did you know about my new name?" She purred as she rubbed her head on his shoulder. He licked her ear.

"I had no idea." He replied. Half of his face was still cobwebbed, as was his left side. In other words, his entire left side.

"I love my name. It's perfect." Willowswipe pulled back, purring. Her golden eyes were gleaming. "Are you feeling any better?"

"Well, knowing you will be in the warrior's den from now on makes me want to heal faster. I think I should be ready to go soon." He glanced longing at the warriors den. Echoherb came out of the medicine cat den, scraps of herb still clinging to her pelt. She carried the herb smell with her.

"You can go back to the warriors den when I say you can. You probably have a moon left-"

"A *moon?!* Why in Starclan's name do I have to wait a moon?!" Nightswipe shouted. Echoherb flicked her tail angrily.

"If you would have listened, I would have continued. You may go outside the camp in three sunrises only if you have another cat with you." Echoherb sat down and threw her tail over her paws. Nightswipe brightened up when she said as long as you have another cat with you.

"Okay! That sounds good! Oh..." his head fell. "I guess that means no hunting?"

"Yeah...I'm sorry Nightswipe. No hunting." Echoherb drew a paw over her ear, and a piece of yarrow fell off. She bent down and grabbed it gently. It was fairly large. She stood, and padded back into the den. Her brown tail disappeared. Willowswipe put her nose back into Nightswipe's fur.

"I'll let you hunt." Willowswipe whisper promised. Nightswipe laughed.

"If I can move by then." He stood up, as did Willowswipe. He put his

nose next to hers for a moment, then went into the medicine cat's den. Willowswipe padded away, excited to go hunting with Nightswipe.

Chapter Five-

Following Willowswipe

"I'm expecting kits!" Spottedflame announced. Willowswipe stared at her friend.

"Really? Who's are they?" Willowswipe questioned, excited.

"Ashcoat's." Spottedflame ducked her head in embarrassment.

"I'm so happy! Does Echoherb know? How many? What'll their names be?" Willowswipe bombarded her friend with questions.

"No, I don't know, I don't know. I wanted you to know after Ashcoat." Spottedflame stopped walking, and turned to Willowswipe.

"You can't tell anyone." Spottedflame got serious. She opened her mouth again when the bushes rustled. Ashcoat padded next to Spottedflame, and they intertwined their tails.

"Come on, let's get you a nest in the nursery." Ashcoat murmured, and Spottedflame pulled back, pelt bristling.

"I'm not moving. I want to continue with my warrior duties. I can continue." Spottedflame sniffed. Her pelt started to flatten, but she was still mad.

"No. If something happened to you, just no. You are moving to the nursery." Ashcoat argued. Spottedflame turned towards the lake, and stormed off.

"You should know better than to command her." Willowswipe scolded. "She wants to do something, she will. You should know that. Now she left."

"Just because she has duties doesn't mean I can't be concer-" Ashcoat broke off as a shriek filled the air. Spottedflame.

"Spottedflame!" Willowswipe toward as she charged towards the noise. Another shriek echoed through the trees. Willowswipe felt a pelt by her side and looked to see Ashcoat. They pelted through the forest, and burst through the bushes to see Spottedflame pinned to the ground with Heatherheart on top of her. Spottedflame had a bite on her neck, and her ear was torn. Heatherheart was digging her claws in Spottedflame's shoulders, and her lips were drawn back in a snarl.

"One of your warriors killed Hawktalon! I was expecting his kits! You left kits fatherless! You worthless pieces of foxdung!" Heatherheart spat every word. She hadn't even noticed us yet.

"Get off Spottedflame!" Ashcoat yowled, and hurled himself at Heatherheart. She was barreled off of Spottedflame, and this time, she was pinned. Ashcoat didn't dig his claws in, He didn't bite her, He didn't scratch her.

"Since you're expecting kits, I won't kill you. Spottedflame is expecting kits also, so excuse me for attacking you. You hurt her though, so you will pay." Ashcoat spoke quietly. He extended the claws on one of his paws, and slashed her face. Her eye was clawed, and she was bleeding a lot. Her ear was split, and Ashcoat let Heatherheart up. She darted away, leaving a blood trail. Ashcoat watched her leave, then turned back to Spottedflame.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Spottedflame snapped. She raced away, leaving Willowswipe and Ashcoat confused.

~Time lapse: about 10 minutes~

"No. You're not getting out of this den until you tell me why you ran away from us after Heatherheart." Willowswipe blocked the entrance to the warriors den.

"None of your business." Spottedflame hissed at Willowswipe. Spottedflame was crouching in her nest, tail lashing furiously.

"It certainly is my business." Willowswipe argued. "Tell me."

"Never." Spottedflame growled. Willowswipe felt pain. *She tells me everything....well....told. What made her act that way?* Willowswipe shook her head.

"Please. If something is bothering you, let me help you." Willowswipe pleaded. Spottedflame's ear twitched.

"I ran away because I couldn't protect myself and my kits. What kind of mother can't protect her own kits, when they aren't even born yet? I don't want to go to the nursery, but now Ashcoat will make me. I could have *died,* Willowswipe! And all because I didn't want to sit in a nursery for a few seasons. My kits would have died." Spottedflame's voice dropped to a whisper. She laid her head on her moss bed, and let her eyes close. Willowswipe backed away. Ashcoat came in, and curled up next to Spottedflame.

"I won't make you move. I just think you should." He murmured. Willowswipe left the den, and padded over to the medicine cat's den.

Willowswipe sniffed the air, Echoherb was gone. Her sweet scent lingered in the air, so she couldn't have been gone for long. Willowswipe slowly crawled inside, and found Nightswipe sitting in his nest. His face didn't have cobwebs anymore, and held three clawmark scars that ran down his face, just missing his eye. His side was still bandaged though.

"You look much better." Willowswipe purred. Nightswipe looked up from where he was spacing out.

"And you look beautiful as always." Nightswipe replied, making Willowswipe flush a deep red. Thankfully, her fur hid it.

"Ready to go for a walk?" Willowswipe meowed, bouncing on her paws. Nightswipe nodded, stood up, and stretched. He yelped as He stretched his side.

"Foxdung!" He cursed, making Willowswipe nose him up.

"Mousebrain. You're gonna rip open your wound, and then where'll you be?" Willowswipe sighed. She let Nightswipe lean on her as

they padded out of camp.

"Where do you wanna go?" Willowswipe asked when they got to the training hollow.

"Here's fine. I mean, you can decide if you want." He panted.

"Nah. It's your first time out of camp in fine sunrises, you get to decide." Willowswipe purred. Nightswipe stumbled to the boulder on the far end, and flopped next to it.

"Longest walk I've had in *ages.*" Nightswipe complained.

"I wouldn't classify five sunrises as ages." Willowswipe padded over to him, and sat next to him.

"Says you. You weren't stuck in the medicine cat den for those five sunrises." He grunted. Willowswipe flicked her ear, a feeling of being watched settled on her, making her fur prick.

"I visited every day. I stayed for long periods of time." Willowswipe mewed, keeping alert. Nightswipe perked his ears as a twig cracked in the bushes. Willowswipe stood up, and took a step.

"Willowswipe, stay still. Show yourself!" Nightswipe called into the bushes. Green eyes appeared, and a red she-cat padded out of the bushes. Stars seemed to litter her glossy pelt. Her eyes were a bright emerald green, and her tail held a black tip. Her ears were black tipped too.

"Who are you?" Willowswipe settled into a crouch and pulled her ears back.

"Worry not, little one. I am Darkstar, once leader of Stormclan, at the time, Thunderclan. I have brought a gift." Darkstar stayed standing, her tail swishing low to the ground.

"A....gift?" Nightswipe asked, eyes narrowed.

"I understand your mistrust, but I assure you I am a member of Starclan. Here is the gift:

"'*The great willow sways in the wind with the swipe,*
although the gold may smite,
all shall go well in truth and love,
even with a hate stronger than dove. One shall sink, the other blossom,
and one will, be forgotten.' Take heed the warning, and do not forget. It is your destiny, make it count." Darkstar began to fade, the stars glowing brighter.

"What? Tell me more!" Willowswipe pleaded the fading cat.

"You shall learn more when you are ready." She had disappeared, and her voice seemed to drift in the wind, becoming the rustling of the leaves.

"A....a message? An omen? A prophecy?" Willowswipe paced back and forth, curiosity growing, along with dread. Nightswipe was staring at Willowswipe, confused.

"Echoherb must know. Nightswipe, we need to go." Willowswipe nudged the protesting Nightswipe to his paws, and they hurried back to camp.

Chapter Six-

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe watched the big rock and Ravenstar. For the first time, Willowswipe realized how old Ravenstar was. Gray was on her muzzle, almost completely covering it. Her eyes were dull, and her movements unsteady.

"Are you sure you want to move to the elder's den?" Ravenstar croaked at Silverclaw. He had some gray too.

"Yes." Silverclaw replied flatly.

"Then by the powers given to me as leader of Stormclan, I move you to the elders den, and the clan respects your many moon's of service, as we hope you have many moons of peaceful rest." Ravenstar looked sad at her deputy's decision, and her eyes held something that was secretive.

"Silverclaw! Silverclaw! Silverclaw! Silverclaw!" The clan cheered, and Silverclaw went to sit next to the elders den. The den now had a purpose, it hadn't been used since Swiftclaw went to Starclan. Everyone turned their gaze back on the leader.

"As we all know," Ravenstar broke off with a cough. "I have to appoint a new deputy by moonhigh. I need time to talk it out with some of my senior warriors. Clan meeting dismissed."

She bounded off the rock, and fell on her side. Everyone went to her side when she didn't get up.

"Ravenstar? Are you okay?" Petalfur asked with worry for her sister. "Get Echoherb!"

"I'm here!" Echoherb pushed past the worried clanmates, and stood next to the fallen Ravenstar. Her breathing was shallow, and her leg was bent at an awkward angle. "You broke your leg."

"Get me to my den, and bring Nightswipe, Willowswipe, Silverclaw, and Thunderspark." Ravenstar rasped.

"Thunderspark and Willowswipe, carry her to her den. Be careful." Echoherb warned before charging to her own den. Willowswipe and Thunderspark got on either side of Ravenstar, and lifted her off the ground. She laid sprawled on their backs, head dangling.

"Ravenstar needs to speak with you and a few other warriors. Can you make it to her den?" Echoherb asked Nightswipe when she entered. He jumped up and once He saw who was there, let his full lie flat.

"What about?" Nightswipe asked. Echoherb shook her head.

"I am not in the place to tell you." Echoherb let Nightswipe lean on her as they padded out of the den. The others were already in Ravenstar's den.

"Come on, let's get you to lay down." Willowswipe coaxed Nightswipe to lay down in the den. Ravenstar was in her bed, her breathing even more shallow. Silverclaw was on her right, Thunderspark on her right, Willowswipe and Nightswipe at the mouth of the den so they could feel the breeze, and Echoherb was sitting in front of Ravenstar with her tail draped over her paws.

"I-i need a new deputy and a new leader for the clan. Starclan is calling me, I fear I won't last the night." Ravenstar croaked. Thunderspark bristled.

"You aren't leaving. You're going to be healthy, you have three lives left." Thunderspark growled. Ravenstar looked away from his piercing gaze.

"I'm on my last life....I lied to you and the clan. That is What you must do to not have chaos. I only told Echoherb." Ravenstar was getting weaker. She struggled to her paws, and stood in front of Nightswipe. "I say these words in front of these witnesses, so they and Starclan may approve my choice. Nightswipe will be the new deputy, and the new leader of Stormclan. May he accept his duty, and I know He will help my clan."

Ravenstar fell over, panting. Her eyes were glazed, and her breaths were short gasps. Thunderspark pressed his nose in her fur, and the others followed suit as the last breath left her body.

Chapter Seven-

Following Nightswipe

"From here on out, we cannot talk. This tree is sacred. Save any questions for after the visit." Echoherb instructed. Nightswipe nodded, and followed her down the path, leading to a tree that would glow under the moonlight. The path was rocky, edged by bushes and small maple trees. Nightswipe stared in wonder at the beauty of the moontree. *It's not as beautiful as Willowswipe.* He admitted to himself. His mind drifted to her, her pretty brown and gray pelt, her golden eyes, her fluffy tail. He tripped, and quickly picked himself up before He ruined everything. The moon was already fully up, and the whits glow just barely lit anything up. Nightswipe could see a bright glow up ahead. As they approached, a tree came into view. It was a huge maple, a vibrant white. The moon's rays seemed to stretch down straight onto it, and surrounded it. Nightswipe gasped, and almost tripped again. He ran to catch up with Echoherb, and fell into step with her. They came closer to the tree, and and they stopped just a few mouselengths from the trunk.

"Jump onto a branch, it doesn't matter which one." Echoherb whispered, and hopped onto a low hanging branch. Nightswipe launched himself onto a higher branch, and laid down with his nose touching the trunk. A gentle darkness swept over him, and sleepless took hold.

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"Welcome." Nightswipe looked around for the source of the voice. Darkstar appeared in a swirl of mist to stand in front of him. Her eyes gleamed, and her tail was held high.

"Welcome to Starclan. You will earn your nine lives here, and messages will be sent to you from here." Darkstar mewed, and stepped back into the starry mist that was appearing. Cats started to form, pelts and shapes of all types, some muscular, some lean. One

cat stepped out of the ranks, one Nightswipe had never seen before. A brown tom with gray paws and green eyes.

"I am Ashstar, once leader of Thunderclan. I led my clan to a different forest, fairly close to here. Some of my clan still lives, as does Shadowclan, Riverclan, and Windclan. I give you your first life, the life of loyalty. Use it to guide yourself and others on the right path." He rested his head on Nightswipe's, and a bolt of pain flashed through Nightswipe. He struggled not to shriek in pain as his throat convulsed. He was left panting. Ashstar stepped back, to be replaced by Riverrush. She stepped up with pride in her eyes for her son.

"My beloved son, I never imagined you would become leader. I'm so proud of you!" She purred, and Nightswipe forgot the pain. "With this life I give you no fear of death, for death is not an ending, but a beginning."

A bolt of lightning ripped through Nightswipe, and he let out a whimper as his vision spitted black. It cleared up after a moment. *I won't be able to handle much more of this if it's this vicious.* Nightswipe wanted to yowl out loud. Riverrush stepped back, and was replaced by a small kit that looked just like Nightswipe.

"Hi! I'm Darkkit, your brother. I died when I was born, and I waited for mother for *moons.* I'm waiting you too." Darkkit chipped happily. Nightswipe bent down so the kit could put his head on Nightswipe's. "With this life I give you the courage to follow your heart. You play an important role in the prophecy, and you need to know your own path."

Another bolt ripped through Nightswipe, but not as painful. Before He opened his eyes, Darkkit was gone and was replaced by a beautiful spotted pelt cat.

"I'm Spottedleaf, I was once a Thunderclan medicine cat, many moons ago. My life was stripped from me when I was still young, and I lost love because of it." Spottedleaf's eyes clouded with sadness. "Don't make the same mistake. With this life I give you love for others, use it to tell What needs to be told."

Nightswipe expected it to be sweet, but it was a painful blast that made his legs buckle, but He stayed upright. Spottedleaf was replaced by a cat He knew well, Skytail. She purred when she saw him.

"Take care of my daughter. With this life I give you bravery, for there is always light in darkness." A sweet feeling went through Nightswipe, as if everything would end well. Skytail went back quickly, and was replaced by Swiftclaw. He looked young and energetic.

"Young cat, don't look down on your elders. I give you this life of respecting your elders, teach it to your young cats." This one was still sweet, it was filled with respect and compassion. Nightswipe swayed on his paws.

"I give you this life for equality. Treat all cats the same. Fight injustice, and believe in what's right." Another unknown cat shimmered in front of him, and this life sent a shiver down his spine.

"With this life I give you the amount of love that a mother gives her kit. Act like the clan is your kit, although I see six bundles of fur in your future." This she-cat's eyes glittered with amusement and trust. Nightswipe didn't expect this one to have so much viciousness. It swept through him like a raging storm, anyone that hurt his clan would pay. He was left with his teeth clenched and his claws dug into the ground, fur standing on end. He looked up with pain in his eyes, but it all disappeared at the next cat. Ravenstar stepped forward, her black pelt sleek and shiny, she looked healthier than she ever was. She looked younger too.

"Ravenstar!" Nightswipe gasped, and Ravenstar purred in reply.

"Nightswipe, you were my deputy for only a few heartbeats, but I always knew you would make it here. You deserve this leadership, and I know you will lead the clan well." Ravenstar smiled. "With this life I give you the power over your clan, and the clan has power over you. Fight off all evil with this gift, and it shall leave you ethics trust and hope."

Nightswipe sank to the ground as an immense pressure pounded on him. It tied him to the clan, it tied him to the forest. He was the leader of Stormclan now. He slowly rose to his paws, pain still in his body, but He held his head and tail high as the chants started.

"Nightstar! Nightstar! Nightstar! Nightstar!" The Starclan cats' chants echoed through the forest, and mow He was Nightstar.

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"We need to go. I got a warning about Leafclan attacking us. Hurry!" Echoherb urged Nightstar.

"I'm still injured!" Nightstar snapped. "Run ahead, I can find my own way back."

Echoherb opened her mouth to protest, but then darted away. Nightstar lost sight of her in seconds. His side ached, but He stumbled on his way to his camp.

Following Echoherb

Echoherb was speeding through the forest, leaves and branches smacking her. She payed no attention. She was panting as she came closer to the camp. *No cries, no screeches, it must not have happened yet.* Echoherb thought. She just pushed herself faster.

Every cat that was awake at dawn stared at her as she burst into the camp. Willowswipe came up to her, but she leaped onto the big rock.

"Attention all Stormclan cats! Leafclan is planning something! We must be prepared at *all* times! I need every cat to train harder and more. No cat will go a day without training, I will even be joining! Starclan sent me a warning. Leafclan is training *every* cat in their camp! We MUST BE READY!" Echoherb yowled to the sky. Cats gasped at What she said. Willowswipe looked around for Nightstar. "We start training NOW. From the crack of dawn to the sinking of the sun, half the cats will be battle training *in camp,* the other half will be hunting! I am setting a bedtime for sunset. It includes all cats, even kits! Nightstar will set actual parties when He comes

back, for now, Petalfur, Featherwhisp, and Sharpnose come with me to help Nightstar. Tinyclaw, sort out half and half. Dismissed!"

Cats scattered, all clustering around Tinyclaw. Petalfur, Featherwhisp, Sharpnose, and Echoherb charged out of the camp at top speed.

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Time Lapse: about 10 minutes

Following Nightstar

Nightstar padded painfully next to Petalfur, Sharpnose, Featherwhisp, and Echoherb. They were almost back to camp, and you could see the warriors training. They were practicing dangerous moves, even the apprentices. Echoherb split off from the group to look for herbs, and Petalfur split off to find a job. Sharpnose and Featherwhisp stayed with Nightstar as they arrived at camp.

"Have Tinyclaw explain everything." Sharpnose whispered to Nightstar as she and Featherwhisp padded to get their jobs. Nightstar climbed to his den, and laid down. He immediately fell asleep, an

Chapter Eight-

Following Willowswipe

"Come at me like you would an enemy." Tinyclaw, the new deputy, challenged Willowswipe. She narrowed her eyes. They were all in the new part of camp; the training area. The entrance was a hole by the warriors den, and it expanded into a huge dusty clearing much like the training hollow. That was the new training spot. So far, the only ones in the new spot were Willowswipe, Tinyclaw, Flamedove, Bluestrike, and Goldenpaw. Flamedove had started to work more with Goldenpaw, and Bluestrike with Tinyclaw and Willowswipe. "Come on, Willo-"

She lunged at him midsentence, and knocked him on the ground. Their claws didn't come out, but they fought like enemies. Willowswipe slid under him, and pawed his belly, then hooked his back paws so He fell down on the spot she was moments before. He fell down, and Bluestrike pounced on him.

"Good teamwork. Now, time for something even more difficult. I know I put up a fight," his meow was laced with a teasing tone. "But this will be even harder."

"What is it?" Willowswipe and Bluestrike asked at the same time, bouncing up and down.

"All three of us will be enemies, but if one of us is pinned, act like the pinned cat is a clanmate. Sound good?" Tinyclaw shook his pelt.

"Let's go!" Bluestrike bounced onto Tinyclaw, and pinned him. Willowswipe barreled into Bluestrike's side, and pushed her off. They tumbled to the ground, and Tinyclaw lept into the fray. Flamedove and Goldenpaw turned to watch the mock battle. Goldenpaw purred when Flamedove rested his tail around her shoulders.

"We need to talk later." Flamedove whispered to Goldenpaw. She

nodded. Willowswipe wrapped her paws gently around Bluestrike's neck, and stood on Tinyclaw's stomach.

"You win." Bluestrike gasped. All three of them were panting. Willowswipe hopped off both of them, and started to clean her pelt. Bluestrike and Tinyclaw did the same.

"You were great Willowswipe!" Goldenpaw called. Willowswipe looked at her sister with surprise. *She just....*congratulated *me?* Willowswipe stared in disbelief. Willowswipe noticed a look pass in-between Goldenpaw and Flamedove. *Oh.*

"Thanks." Willowswipe purred. "Flamedove, wanna try?"

Flamedove looked at all three of the exhausted warriors.

"It depends who I'm up against."

"I'll go in." Bluestrike volunteered.

"As will I." Tinyclaw stood up. Flamedove sighed in relief.

"Then yes, I will participate. Sorry Willowswipe, I don't think I would be a good opponent for you." He shot an apologetic glance in her direction as they switched spots. Willowswipe couldn't help but notice the sadness in her sister's eyes when Flamedove padded away to do the mock battle. The three warriors crouched in a triangle, tails flicking back and forth. Tinyclaw was the first to move. He launched himself at Flamedove, and they rolled over in a cloud of dust. Bluestrike waited until Flamedove had Tinyclaw pinned, then wrapped her paws around his neck gently. She bent her back, and flipped Flamedove over her so she could pin him. Tinyclaw slipped under Flamedove before He fell and pushed him up, tackling Bluestrike. Willowswipe watched the battle with an intense stare, memorizing the moves. She felt a pelt brush up against her, and turned to see Nightstar sitting next to her. A purr rumbled in her throat as she crept closer.

"Is this a new training style? It looks interesting." Nightstar murmured. Willowswipe nodded.

"Everyone is an enemy, but if someone gets pinned, that can is like

an ally, you have to attack the cat on top of them. I think it's neat because you have to protect and attack at the same time. Tinyclaw came up with it." Willowswipe added. Nightstar looked thoughtful.

"Would you like to demonstrate to the clan later?" Nightstar asked as the battle wrapped up. Flamedove was the clear winner.

"Only if Flamedove and Goldenpaw are my counterparts." Willowswipe wanted to see how they would act if they were waited up, this would either confirm or abolish her suspicion.

"Deal."

~•~

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the big rock for a clan meeting!" Nightstar's yowl echoed around the camp. Every cat gathered, Bloodpaw, Goldenpaw, Wolfpaw, Foxpaw, and Darkpaw were by the apprentice den, Sweetheart, Rockflight, Swiftwing, Sharpnose, Thunderspark, Flamedove, Petalfur, Bluestrike, Featherwhisp, Scarear, Redtail, Tinyclaw, and Ashcoat were by the warriors den, and Willowswipe and Spottedflame were at the nursery. Nightstar looked around at all his cats, pride settling in his eyes. "Some of the cats have Come up with a new training style! Even though Tinyclaw came up with it, I would like Bluestrike to explain. Please Come up here, Bluestrike."

Shock spread across Bluestrike's face as she hesitantly padded up to the big rock. She sprung up there as Nightstar jumped down. Her ear twitched as she looked at all the cats.

"Erm... well... the style is where three cats are in a mock battle." She began. "All three are acting like enemies, and they attack each other. If one gets pinned, then the third cat jumps on the cat that is pinning the other. It's sort of like you're allies and enemies at the same time."

Nobody talked.

"Now! Before I do anything else, I have a long overdue ceremony to perform. Goldenpaw, Wolfpaw, Foxpaw, please step forward."

Nightstar didn't flinch at all the gasps that arose from the crowd. The three apprentice's jaws dropped. Goldenpaw was the first to go to the rock, then Foxpaw, then Wolfpaw.

"Starclan, I call you to look down on these three apprentices. They have shown loyalty and bravery in this clan, and I think it's about time for them to be made apprentices. Featherwhisp, is Goldenpaw ready to become a warrior?" Nightstar questioned the she-cat.

"Yes." Featherwhisp replied, and she flicked her tail.

"Goldenpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?"

"I do." Goldenpaw replied, confident.

"Then by the powers given to me by Starclan as leader of Stormclan, I hearby name you Goldenfeather, and Stormclan honors your intelligence, bravery, and loyalty as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan! Scarear, is Foxpaw ready to become a warrior?" Nightstar moved to the next mentor. Goldenfeather went to sit by Flamedove, and their tails entertwined.

"She is." Scarear meowed.

"Foxpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?"

"I do." Foxpaw stared at Nightstar, excitement glimmering her eyes.

"Then by the powers given to my by Starclan as the leader of Stormclan, hearby name you Foxrush, and Stormclan honors your mother, your loyalty, and your bravery as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan! Redtail, is Wolfpaw ready to become a warrior?" Nightstar padded closer to the edge.

"He is." Redtail sniffed.

"Wolfpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?"

"I do." Wolfpaw squeaked like a kit.

"Then by the powers given to me by Starclan as leader if Stormclan, I hearby name you Wolfstripe, and we honor your bravery, intelligence, and loyalty as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan! Goldenfeather! Foxrush! Wolfstripe!" Nightstar howled with the clan to the sky, and the stars seemed to absorb the sound. As the three new warriors padded to the entrance, Nightstar stopped them. "Wait. One more meaning of business. Willowswipe, Flamedove, and Goldenfeather, would you please Come stand in front of the big rock? Everyone, make a huge circle."

Goldenfeather hesitated before going, and Flamedove rushed. Willowswipe pushed through the crowd to stand in front of the big rock. All other cats stared at them and Nightstar in curiosity and wonder.

"These three cats will be demonstrating the new battle style. They shall fight until one wins." Nightstar announced, and the cats below him went back even more.

"Flamedove, Goldenfeather, ready?" Willowswipe asked as she went to the edge of the circle. Flamedove went to another spot, and Goldenfeather was across from Willowswipe.

"I'm ready." Flamedove replied, and Goldenfeather nodded.

"Then it starts now." Willowswipe crouched, and noticed that Flamedove and Goldenfeather didn't even look to attack each other, they looked at her. Flamedove moved first. He launched himself at her. Willowswipe bounced to the side, then put her paws on his shoulders. He reared up, and threw her off Goldenfeather pounced on Willowswipe, and held her front paws down as Flamedove pinned her. Goldenfeather released her paws before, hesitantly, attacking Flamedove. She pushed him off and flicked his legs out from under him. He fell to the ground, and Willowswipe did the same to Goldenfeather. Willowswipe placed a paw on each cat's throat gently, and looked up at Nightstar.

"I win." Willowswipe announced, and heard some whispers go around the crowd.

"Can you get off us please?" Goldenfeather squeaked. Willowswipe

took her paws off, and stood back so they could get up.

"Now, it's my turn. Flamedove, Goldenfeather, you may go rest. Goldenfeather, be prepared for vigil." Nightstar told them. He jumped off the rock, and stood in front of Willowswipe.

"Who will be battling you and Willowswipe?" Some cat called from the crowd. Nightstar swung his head to look at the source.

"Nobody. I want to just do a mock battle. All of you can split into groups of three and try it. Go." He looked back at Willowswipe. "Ready?"

Her answer was to charge at him, settling him over. She nipped at his foreleg, just hard enough to make him fall. She stood over him. He pushed himself up, and threw himself on her. He didn't pin her, just laid on her. She rolled him off and darted to the big rock. Nightstar stared after her. She leaped up into the air, and bounced off the rock, soaring through the air to land on Nightstar's back. He was smashed into the ground, and dust clouded both their visions. Nightstar didn't fight back. Willowswipe won.

"I win." She whispered in his ear before getting off. She shook the dust off her pelt, and He did the same. They looked around at the groups, and both were pleased to see the groups had similar abilities and strengths. Nightstar licked Willowswipe's ear.

"Tinyclaw doesn't want to be deputy, He fears his time is near. Would you like to be my next deputy?" Nightstar asked in a hushed tone. Nobody could know What they were talking about.

"I decline the offer." Willowswipe didn't hesitate.

"Why?"

"Nine lives without you would be torture. I would die when you did, and this clan would have a lifeless leader. I wouldn't wish that on any clan. I decline the offer." Willowswipe mewed sadly. Nightstar nodded, understanding.

"I understand that completely. Who would you suggest then?"

"Sweetheart. She deserves it, and I know she would be a good deputy. Or Rockflight. Or maybe Swiftwing. All three are fairly young cats, and they would be able to learn as they go. I would personally choose Sweetheart." Willowswipe decided after a few moments of thought.

"I will talk with Tinyclaw after this battle....whenever it is." Nightstar murmured.

Author's Note-

Hey guys & girls! I want to know how you all are liking this book so far. Also, if you want your own cat entered in this book, all you have to do is fill out this form -

Name -

Gender -

Personality -

Clan - (Stormclan, Nightclan, Cloudclan, Leafclan, Snowclan)

Looks -

~•~

Feel free to leave comments! I need good comments and constructive criticism. Oh, and I would like to get to know some of my fans, so if you like, leave your name and something interesting about you in a comment, and I will reply telling you something about me! :D

Bai guys!

Alex

Chapter Nine-

~Time Lapse: about 4 sunrises~

~Overview~

Nightstar spoke to Tinyclaw about the new deputy, and they decided on Sweetheart. Sweetheart agreed that if she was alive when Tinyclaw died, she would take the position. The entire clan continued their special training, and Nightstar came up with a plan - Only three cats are to do this - three cats pretend to be traitors and fight with claws seathed against their clanmates, and then when an enemy cat tries to help, they turn on them. That cat's cover was blown, so another cat must fill the traitor gap.

~What happened in Leafclan's overview~

Leafclan went to Cloudclan, and agreed they would both fight Stormclan. They planned the attack for seven sunrises after we left off in the story.

~End of overviews~

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe lunged at the nearest tom, and they rolled over onto the edge of the cliff. All the cats around them stopped, and gaped as they fell off the cliff. Nightstar yowled, and charged for the edge. Sharpnose and Scarear stepped in front of him.

"Let me go!" He spat. His claws slid out, and He started to attack. "Let me go!"

"Stop. She's gone. She's not coming back. Let her go." Sharpnose's voice cracked with sadness. Nightstar swiped again, just missing her ear.

"But she was expecting my kits!"

Willowswipe jolted awake, fur bristling, claws extended, eyes wide.

Was it a warning? She wondered, and struggled to calm herself. Her fur flattened, and her eyes drifted shut as she fell back onto her nest. She was asleep within moments.

"Tell me What it means! I need to know!" Willowswipe yowled into the starry forest. A cloud of misty stars formed, and then Darkstar was standing in front of her. Darkstar looked saddened, her eyes dull and her head and tail low.

"A terrible battle is coming, Willowswipe." Darkstar sniffed, and looked up at Willowswipe.

"Really? I hadn't noticed." Willowswipe snorted. "What was my dream about? Was it a warning?"

"It's what's going to happen. It's unstoppable. You can't tell anyone What you saw, it would ruin everything." Darkstar added in a rush. She kept looking around as if expecting to be attacked.

"I won't let it happen. My kits will survive. Starclan has been wrong before, and they are now. I will protect them, no matter the cost." Willowswipe growled.

"I'm so sorry for this." Darkstar had apology in her eyes. Willowswipe tilted her head.

"For What?" Willowswipe asked. Darkstar closed her eyes.

"I'm so sorry." Darkstar whispered before Willowswipe was ripped from Starclan.

She awoke to see the familiar gray stone warriors den, and tried to think about What she heard in Starclan. She couldn't remember anything. *Why was I there? Why was Darkstar sorry? What was my dream?* Willowswipe couldn't remember anything from last night other than Darkstar saying she was sorry. Willowswipe shrugged. *If I can't remember, it isn't important.* She felt nausea sweep over her. She staggered to her paws, and headed to Echoherb's den.

"Echoherb, I think I'm sick." Willowswipe looked at her belly. It looked more plump than usual. *Strange.*

"One moment!" Echoherb called. Moments later, she appeared with a leaf stuck on her forehead. "What can I do for you?"

"My stomach hurts, I feel nauseated." Willowswipe groaned. Echoherb looked at Willowswipe's stomach, a thoughtful look on her face. Something flashed across her eyes, but Willowswipe couldn't tell what.

"I will give you a juniper berry, and after you do a few patrols, you can have a poppy seed. Okay?" Echoherb flicked her tail before heading back inside the den. She reappeared with a red berry, and dropped it at Willowswipe's paws. Willowswipe lapped it up, and looked at her friend.

"Thanks Echoherb." Willowswipe purred before she left.

"See me later if it's worse!" Echoherb mewed. Willowswipe flicked her tail to adknowledge the comment, then padded to where Tinyclaw was sitting at the big rock.

"Anything I can go on? Echoherb said no battle training, only patrols." Willowswipe only half lied, Echoherb only said the patrols, she didn't say any training.

"Petalfur's patrol is about to leave. Hunting." He added as Willowswipe ran to where Petalfur was waiting with Sweetheart, Bluestrike, Redtail, and Scarear.

"Tinyclaw said I could join you?" Willowswipe meowed hopefully. Petalfur looked at Willowswipe's stomach, and amusement glittered over her face before she turned back to Willowswipe.

"Sure. I understand Why you don't want to do battle training though. It's too rough, right?" Petalfur asked teasingly as the group padded out of camp. Her comment confused Willowswipe.

"Um....I guess? Echoherb said I couldn't do battle training 'cause of my upset stomach." Willowswipe explained. Petalfur smiled.

"I'm sure she has a *very* good reason for that. After all, it looks like a few bundles will be here soon." Petalfur let out a *mrrow* of laughter. Willowswipe just got more confused.

"Spottedflame's kits won't be able to train for moon's after their born. Those are the only kits that the clan is expecting, right? Unless you're having kits...." Willowswipe looked at Petalfur, then at her stomach. Her's looked as flat as normal.

"I wasn't talking about me. I'm not having kits anytime soon." Petalfur pulled ahead as the group went further into the forest. Birds squaked overhead, playing and fluttering in the noisy leaves.

"Then who're you talking about? Is Goldenfeather having kits?" Willowswipe pestered Petalfur as the group split up to hunt.

"I'm sure you'll find out soon." Petalfur darted into the bushes, and then trotted out with a thrush in her jaws. She dug a small hole and placed it inside before burying it again. "Now go hunt."

Willowswipe caught three mice, four voles, three birds, and two rabbits. The other cats had caught in total seven mice, eight voles, eleven birds, and three rabbits. A nice supply of freshkill. They all raced back to camp with their prey hanging limply in their jaws.

Chapter Ten-

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe stared at the medicine cat den. Her stomach hadn't gotten any better, and if anything, she felt hungrier than usual. She heard paws this towards her, and looked up to see Spottedflame and her swollen belly. Her kits were due any day now. Spottedflame looked tired, hungry, and worried.

"You okay?" Willowswipe asked her friend. Spottedflame sighed, then crouched next to Willowswipe.

"These kits are tiring me out. And they aren't even here yet!" Spottedflame exclaimed. Her eyes drifted to a large rabbit. Willowswipe stretched her arm and clawed the rabbit. She tossed it in front of Spottedflame. "Thanks."

"No problem. I think I'm going to eat a rabbit too." Willowswipe purred, and snagged another large rabbit. Her mouth watered as she sunk her teeth into the side of the rabbit. Spottedflame did the same. Unease settled onto Willowswipe, and she felt eyes burning her pelt. She looked up, and swept her gaze over the camp. Petalfur, Echoherb, Nightstar, and Goldenfeather were looking at her. Nightstar looked like He was full of pride, Goldenfeather looked amused, as did Petalfur and Echoherb. Willowswipe became uncomfortable at the stares, and turned back to her rabbit. It was almost gone. Spottedflame had finished hers. Willowswipe devoured the rest of her rabbit, forgetting the cats watching her.

"Can you help me make a second nest in the nursery?" Spottedflame asked Willowswipe as they stood up. Willowswipe tilted her head.

"Who for?" Willowswipe questioned, confused. *Who is moving to the nursery? Goldenfeather? Petalfur? Sweetheart?* Willowswipe wanted to wail the questions out loud.

"Erm....sure...." Willowswipe padded to the moss den. The moss den

was a little cave at the edge of camp that held moss on it's walls and some moss dangled from the ceiling. The only light that filtered through was from a crack in the roof, and a small river ran through it.

"How much?" Willowswipe clawed down large pieces of moss from the walls.

"However much you use." Spottedflame shrugged, then watched Willowswipe.

"Using me as a reference?"

"Uh...sure." Spottedflame shifted her paws uncomfortably. Willowswipe got a big pile a little more than she would use, and started to roll it into balls so they could carry them.

The nursery was warm inside, with some feathers threaded into the walls that were made of willow branches and leaves. The nursery itself was fairly large, and only one nest was in it. It was twice the size of Spottedflame.

"Where?" Willowswipe mumbled around the ball of moss in her mouth. Spottedflame flicked her tail towards her nest.

"Next to mine." She had the same problem with speaking. Willowswipe twitched her ear, and began to set the moss down.

"Who's nest will it be?" Willowswipe asked when they were done. They had taken some feathers from the walls to line the nest, and it looked soft and cozy.

"I imagine you will find out soon enough. Honestly though, I can't believe you haven't figured it out. I mean, seriously. It's totally obvious to the entire clan." Spottedflame spoke in a 'duh' tone. Willowswipe got frustrated.

"It's not obvious to me!" She growled. Spottedflame settled down in her nest.

"Well, ask Echoherb or Nightstar. They are probably the best to tell you." Spottedflame sighed, and closed her eyes. Her head rested on

her paws.

"I'm going to go ask them." Willowswipe declared before storming out of the den. The group that was staring at her was still together, at the edge of camp. Goldenfeather slipped away as she saw Willowswipe padding towards them.

"Nightstar, Echoherb, I need to speak to you two. Alone." Willowswipe hissed, and glared at Petalfur. Petalfur flinched, then went to join Goldenfeather at the freshkill pile.

"Yes Willowswipe?" Echoherb asked politely.

"Who is the new queen?" Willowswipe sat down and curled her tail over her paws.

"You don't know? I think you out of all cats would know." Echoherb sniffed. Willowswipe growled lightly.

"Tell me. Everyone's been like 'Oh, you don't know? It's obvious, I can't believe you don't know.' I want to know." Willowswipe stifled a groan as her stomach hurt again.

"Okay.....the new queen is-" Nightstar cut off Echoherb.

"You are the new queen. You're having my kits." Nightstar meowed proudly. Willowswipe twitched her ear.

"Really? I thought they were Flamedove's." Willowswipe snapped. Nightstar flinched. "How long until they Come?"

"Probably a moon or so." Echoherb replied. "You should move into the nursery soon."

"I'm not moving to the nursery until the pains start. I am a warrior." Willowswipe stood. "These kits will live like a warrior until they are born."

"Oh no, you're moving into the nursery tonight. A fight could happen any moment, and I won't let you get hurt." Nightstar was quick to command her to stay in the nursery.

"If you don't want me to get hurt, let me fight. If you don't, I'd just sneak out anyways and risk getting word injured. I'm fighting one way or another." Willowswipe turned away, and headed to the warriors den. Nightstar and Echoherb watched after her.

"She's going to kill all seven of them." Nightstar murmured. Echoherb's ears shot up.

"Seven kits?"

"Six kits, one Willowswipe." Nightstar explained. He stood up and stretched. "That's it, I'm taking this into my own paws."

Before Echoherb could ask What He meant, He darted to the big rock and leaped onto it.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather for a clan meeting!" Nightstar yowled, and all warriors and apprentices gathered. Some looked confused, others curious, and Willowswipe looked mad. "I have a new rule! Until the battle with Leafclan is over, all queens will be confined to camp with one guard with each one at all times! Effective immediately!"

"WHAT?!" Willowswipe screeched. Spottedflame jumped up from where she was sitting at the nursery. Willowswipe was already standing tall, fur bristling, claws glinting, eyes full of rage. The cats around her backed up. "I won't be confined!"

"Yes you will. A leader's word is law." Nightstar looked at her with regret in his eyes. "I'm sorry Willowswipe, but it's for your safety and our kits'."

Murmurs swept through the crowd. Willowswipe felt Spottedflame brush up against her.

"We won't be confined. We can fight too. You want us to prove it?" Spottedflame spat. Ashcoat tried to Come close, but she lashed a paw out and caught him on the nose. Her claws weren't extended, but she still hit hard. He backed up, hurt in his eyes. Nightstar looked down at the bristling queens.

"I don't want you to prove it. I don't want you to get hurt. Queens

are what's left if we fail. You need to stay behind." Nightstar said gently, making them bristle more.

"Stay behind in the biggest battle in my lifetime? No. You want me to stay behind, defeat me right here and now, claws retracted." Willowswipe demanded. Gasps rippled through the shocked crowd as Nightstar leaped down. He stood in front of his mate, his eyes cool and calm, hers full of fury.

"I won't fight you. You will be staying behind, that is final." Nightstar mewed quietly, so only her and Spottedflame could hear.

"I. Will. Be. Fighting." She growled. Nightstar didn't move.

"No you will not." Nightstar hissed. His eyes turned from calm to ticked off.

"Yes I will. You can't stop me." Her lip curled. He took a stepped back.

"You will not be participating in this battle. Scarear, you will be assigned to Spottedflame. Silverclaw, I know you're an elder, but you are assigned to Willowswipe." Nightstar looked at the silver tom. Silverclaw nodded, and stepped towards Willowswipe, not getting to close. Nightstar took a step towards her, and they were close.

"It's because I love you, not because you are weak. You must understand." Nightstar whispered as the clan broke up. Tinyclaw gave orders beneath the big rock.

"Oh, I understand. You want me to sit in camp, worrying about you, and not being able to do anything. You don't do this for love, you do this so the clan will survive." Willowswipe hissed before turning to the nursery, Spottedflame, Scarear, and Silverclaw following. Nightstar felt pain slice through him sharp as the sharpest claw. She was wrong. *She doesn't understand how much she means to me.* He sighed, eyes flowing with sadness.

Chapter Eleven-

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe cuffed Tinyclaw's ear, and pushed him off her. He slid, then launched himself back at her. She stepped to the side and raked a paw down his side. He turned around and nipped her tail.

"I'm done." Willowswipe panted before falling on her side. Tinyclaw looked at her with confusion in his eyes.

"You okay?" He asked. Willowswipe sighed. The kits had taken up her energy, and added hunger to her list of problems.

"Let's see....I'm not allowed to fight unless they Come here, I'm not technically supposed to be training, I'm as tired as if I haven't slept for moons, and I feel like I haven't eaten for moons. Just dandy." Willowswipe snapped. Tinyclaw looked amused, and not confused anymore. He sat down.

"Listen, it's not like he's saying no battles ever again. He doesn't want to see you hurt. Don't object, He just wants you safe." Tinyclaw's voice was laced with sympathy. Willowswipe rolled her eyes.

"Uh huh. And hedgehogs fly. Just because I'm a queen now doesn't mean I can't fight. Does he think I'm a kit?" Willowswipe snorted and staggered to her paws. Before Tinyclaw could reply, she started to run back to the main camp. Tinyclaw didn't follow.

Willowswipe clamped her jaws around a juicy blackbird, and trotted towards the nursery. Goldenfeather stepped in front of her, eyes glowing.

"Hey!" Goldenfeather chirped, and started to walk with the confused Willowswipe. They both squeezed into the nursery, and Goldenfeather sat in Spottedflame's nest. Willowswipe tucked into the blackbird, waiting for Goldenfeather to talk.

"I'm expecting kits!" Goldenfeather purred. Willowswipe choked on the bird, and spit out a feather.

"Flamedove's?" Willowswipe coughed.

"Yep. I'm moving here tonight." Goldenfeather couldn't keep the excitement out of her voice. Willowswipe purred.

"Great. I'm sure Spottedflame will be excited to hear about this!" Willowswipe ate some more of the blackbird. Feathers littered the nest, and she carefully picked them up and set them into a small pile next to her nest. "Go fetch some moss and we can set up your nest."

"K." Goldenfeather darted out of the den, leaving Willowswipe alone with the rest of the blackbird. Willowswipe sighed around a mouth of blackbird. *Goldenfeather has always been so enthusiastic.* Willowswipe mused.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the big rock for a clan meeting!" Nightstar's yowl came from outside the nursery. Willowswipe felt anger boil up inside her. She still loved him, but she was mad at him. She rose to her paws hesitantly, and padded out of the nursery.

"These two apprentices deserve to become warriors! I call Starclan to look down on these apprentices, and accept them as warriors!" Nightstar looked down at Bloodpaw and Darkpaw. They kept shuffling their paws nervously. Nightstar ignored their nervousness. "Ashcoat, Rockflight, are these apprentices ready to become warriors?"

"They are." Both mentors answered in unison. Their eyes shone with pride.

"Bloodpaw. Do uphold promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?" Nightstar asked seriously. Bloodpaw looked up at his leader.

"I do." Bloodpaw mewed clearly. His voice rang out through the camp.

"Then by the powers given to me by Starclan as the leader of Stormclan, I hearby name you Bloodfire, in honor of your fierceness, and your strength as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan!" Nightstar announced, and Bloodfire nodded, eyes gleaming. "Darkpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?" Nightstar stood straighter.

"I do."

"Then by the powers given to me by Starclan, as leader of Stormclan, I hearby name you Darkslice, in honor of your bravery, loyalty, and strength as we welcome you as a full member of Stormclan! Bloodfire! Darkslice! Bloodfire! Darkslice!" The clan echoed Nightstar's yowl as they welcomed the newly named Bloodfire and Darkslice. Willowswipe didn't shout as loud as the rest.

"One more meaning of business." Nightstar's voice held some regret. The crowd died down, and everyone looked expectantly at him. "Silverclaw, you no longer need to look after Willowswipe, I will allow her.....I will allow her.....I will allow her to....to fight."

Gasps rang from the crowd, and Willowswipe's jaw dropped. The rule had been in place for one day, and He took it back so quickly. Willowswipe couldn't stifle the purr that rose in her throat. Nightstar continued after a few moments.

"However. We don't know how the battle will start, so we need a plan. They could simply attack a border patrol, they could attack the camp. We need two extra battle parties ready at all times. So. Me, Bloodfire, Thunderspark, Tinyclaw, Redtail, and Darkslice will be the main battle party, if some border patrol gets attacked, tell us. Both battle patrols will not be going on any patrols until this battle is over. Willowswipe will lead the second party, and the members will be Sharpnose, Sweetheart, Rockflight, Ashcoat, and Swiftwing will be the runner in case of emergency. I do not have a designated runner for my group. The rest of you will be guarding the camp. Clan dismissed!" Nightstar landed gracefully from the rock. Everyone separated into groups, and Nightstar headed through the crowd to get to Willowswipe. He looked like he didn't like the decision he had made. His tail was drooping, but his head wasn't

even close to making him look proud. Willowswipe was still purring when Nightstar sat in front of her.

"Are you happy?" Nightstar mumbled. Willowswipe purred louder. "I'll take that as a yes....."

"What made you change your mind?" Willowswipe mewed.

"What you said. You would run away to fight if I didn't let you in a battle party." Nightstar admitted. Willowswipe flicked her tail, and nodded.

"True. I will be careful, Nightstar. I promise. Besides, you will be there to protect me." Willowswipe rubbed her head on his shoulder.

-Π-Π-

Authors note! Oh my gosh! Thank you guys *soooooooooooo* much for 100 views! Can somone like, comment or vote so i know its real? I know for most people, 100 isn't a lot, but for me it's like...I dunno how to explain it. Just to know someone takes their own time to read some of *my* work really makes my day....or week.....I love all my fans, and I want you to know that you all are what makes me a better writer! :D

Alex

P.S. It really did help me today, I was home all day because I threw up. :(

Chapter Twelve-

Following Nightstar

(The next morning)

"Tinyclaw, I know what I said." Nightstar sighed. Tinyclaw had been in his den since dawn. It was now sunhigh.

"But the attack could be any moment, we don't have warriors to spare if they attacked." Tinyclaw argued. Nightstar sniffed.

"I understand that, but if the attack happens in a week, we will be skinny, weak cats that are easy to beat. I put almost all the clan in a battle patrol, so now I expect that a few of them will need to go hunt." Nightstar growled. "Take Swiftwing with you and stay together."

"Fine." Tinyclaw snapped, and darted out of the den. Nightstar watched him leave, then stood up. He padded out of his den.

Following Tinyclaw

"Swiftwing, Darkslice, and Rockflight. Come with me on a hunting patrol near the gorge." Tinyclaw ordered the three sleeping cats. They stirred.

"But I'm *tired*." Darkslice groaned. Swiftwing and Rockflight jumped up quickly, shook their pelts, and trotted out of the den. Darkslice followed slowly. Tinyclaw waited impatiently until Darkslice slipped out of the den.

"It's sunhigh, you all should have been training." Tinyclaw growled once they were out of camp. Darkslice yawned.

"We trained late last night. Almost to moonhigh." Swiftwing defended himself.

"That's fine as long as you get up when I tell you to." Tinyclaw

snorted. They approached the clearing in which the gorge was on the other side. "Rockflight, you will come with me to hunt. Swiftwing and Darkslice, you will not stray far from the gorge. Do you understand?"

"Yes Tinyclaw." Darkslice muttered. Rockflight stood by Tinyclaw, and Swiftwing and Darkslice stood at the edge of the clearing.

"Go hunting just barely past the clearing, we will do the same. Once you have five pieces of prey *altogether,* report back. If *anything* seems suspicious, come find me and Rockflight immediately. Okay?" Tinyclaw instructed the other cats. They dipped their heads.

"Yes."

"Then go." Every cat dashed off into the forest. Tinyclaw and Rockflight headed towards the largest tree in the area, a great maple tree. It normally held birds and squirrels. Tinyclaw scrambled up the trunk of the tree, being careful with his movements. He kept his eyes on the blue bird he had spotted. It was pecking the branch, it looked like there was a berry on the branch. Tinyclaw crept slowly on the thick branch, setting his paws down gently. The branch barely quavered them he stopped. His tail lashed, and he launched himself at the bird. The bird let out a squawk as Tinyclaw landed on it. Leaves fluttered down from the tree onto Rockflight. He shook them off. Tinyclaw quickly nipped the bird's neck, killing it. He dropped his prey down onto the forest floor, then backed down the trunk.

"Nice catch." Rockflight praised. Before Tinyclaw could respond, Rockflight darted into a bush. Confusion clouded Tinyclaw's eyes. Rockflight appeared moments later with a small squirrel in his mouth. It dangled limply, blood trickling down it's neck. Tinyclaw dug a largish hole in the soft dirt, and dropped his bird in it.

"Put it in here." Tinyclaw ordered, and Rockflight placed his squirrel in the hole next to the bird. Tinyclaw scraped some dirt over them, and they then headed into the bushes.

"There. We're done." Rockflight sighed with relief. They had caught thread squirrels, one bird, and a rabbit. All the prey was small, as

the heat was giving way to the cold.

"Okay, let's get back-" Tinyclaw broke off as he felt eyes burning into his pelt. His ears perked up, and he glared at the shadows he saw move. "Let's get out of here."

"Fine by me." Rockflight grabbed the squirrels, and darted off into the path that led to the clearing. Tinyclaw followed hesitantly, keeping alert. A twig crunched from somewhere in the shadows, making Tinyclaw rush.

Swiftwing and Darkslice were already waiting, sitting next to each other behind their pile of prey that consisted of two squirrels, two bird, and a vole.

"I think we've got a good pile of prey here. Should we go back?" Tinyclaw dropped his prey so he could speak. Another crunch came from the forest. Tinyclaw snapped his head to where he heard it, and thought he saw a white pelt in the trees. He stood up.

"Show yourselves!" Tinyclaw called. Hazel eyes gleamed from the shadows.

"Attack!" A yowl came from the trees. Cats exploded into the clearing, hissing and claws out. Tinyclaw turned to Swiftwing.

"Go get help!" Tinyclaw hissed, and watched Swiftwing dart towards camp, only two warriors following. The white pelt he had seen in the shadows was on top of Tinyclaw, hazel eyes filled with rage.

"Thornpaw!" Tinyclaw gasped. Thornpaw growled.

"It's Thornwhisker, foxdung." Thornwhisker snarled at Tinyclaw, and slashed his stomach. Blood spilled out, and Thornwhisker attacked again. His claws landed on Tinyclaw's face, slicing his ear, eye, and nose. Tinyclaw tried to attach, but his weak flails bounced off of Thornwhisker's sleek pelt. Another blow connected with Tinyclaw's neck, and black spots dotted Tinyclaw's eyes. The battle screeches were drowned out as Thornwhisker clamped his jaws onto Tinyclaw's neck, and Tinyclaw fell, limp, as the life bled out of him.

The last breath escaped his lungs, and Thornwhisker stepped back, pleased with his work. Darkslice and Rockflight were almost gone too, and soon they would find the camp. Then the Stormclan patrol arrived, led by Nightstar.

Chapter Thirteen-

Following Willowswipe

"Sharpnose, Scarear, Ashcoat, Sweetheart, we have to go. Bloodfire, you will be joining us." Willowswipe signaled the warriors out in the crowd that sat under the big rock. They stood up, and immediately headed towards the entrance. Willowswipe bounded after them.

They raced through the forest, listening at the yowls that filled the air, making them run faster.

"Don't think before you jump into battle, moments could be life or death." Willowswipe panted as they reached the edge of the clearing. Cats were fighting everywhere, and bodies littered the ground. A blue pelt caught Willowswipe's eye. She looked at Sharpnose, who hadn't seen her mate's body.

"I'm so sorry Sharpnose." Willowswipe murmured as Sharpnose saw the body. She pinned her ears back and snarled.

"Attack!" Sharpnose yowled, and launched herself at the nearest cat, a small brown she-cat . *Windstar?* Willowswipe wondered. Sharpnose slashed her side, and she whirled around from where she was looking at Nightstar, who was across the clearing, by the gorge. Willowswipe looked at her attack party, and saw Swiftwing had come along too.

"Swiftwing, go to Snowclan and ask for help." Willowswipe ordered. Swiftwing shook his head.

"I'm going to fight for my clan." Swiftwing argued.

"You will go to Snowclan, and you *will* get help. Now!" Willowswipe snapped. "Attack!"

The newest attack party surged forward, and flung themselves onto

the Leafclan cats. Willowswipe charged towards there Nightstar was fighting off two cats at the same time, dangerously close to the edge. Willowswipe pounced on a small tom's back, a black apprentice. Willowswipe clawed his side, making him shriek. She dug her claws into his shoulders, and bit down on his neck. He tried to flip over, but she bit in deeper. She released him, and he crawled away, towards the Leafclan border. She looked over at Nightstar. He was fighting a familiar brown tom. *Barkstorm.* A voice snarled inside Willowswipe. She let out a screech, and tackled him. They rolled close to the cliff edge, oblivious. The fighting stopped around them, as both were very popular in their clans and in others. Nightstar hesitated before trying to help. Sharpnose lunged in front of him, and pushed him back.

"This is her battle." Sharpnose soothed him. "She won't fall, she'll be okay."

Nightstar stepped back into the crowd, watching the fight. They rolled closer to the edge, making Nightstar dig his claws into the ground. They broke apart. Willowswipe lunged at him, and they rolled closer. She scratched his eyes, and he pushed her off. She bit his leg as they fell off, and they tumbled down the edge. Nightstar yowled, and charged forward. Sharpnose and Scarear stepped in front of him.

"Let me go!" He spat, and tried to claw at them. "Let me *go*!"

"Stop. She's gone. She's not coming back. Let her go." Sharpnose's voice cracked with sadness.

"But she was expecting my kits!" Nightstar screeched. He broke through the barrier and charged towards the edge. "WILLOWSWIPE!"

Chapter Fourteen-

Following Willowswipe

"WILLOWSWIPE!" Nightstar's pained yowl echoed down the gorge. The water rushed below, spraying mist onto Willowswipe. Her body ached with every movement, her throat dry, her paws cracked and scraped. Barkstorm had gone into the rushing water, and been swept away. Willowswipe was on a small ledge, only halfway on. With as much strength as she could muster, and opened her mouth.

"Nightstar...." she called weakly. "Help...."

Following Nightstar

Nightstar fell to the ground, heart breaking, trying not to wail. His front paws dangled off the edge, his head hung low. The Leafclan cats left slowly,loss pounding them to the ground.

"Get a patrol down there. I will be coming." Nightstar ordered quietly to Sharpnose. Sharpnose's eyes widened.

"A trip down there is like wandering into the adder pit!" Sharpnose sniffed. Nightstar snapped his head up to look at her, anger in his eyes.

"I said to get a patrol down there, and I expect a patrol to get down there! SEND IT NOW!" Nightstar roared. Sharpnose hesitated before shaking her head again.

"I will not send my clan into a death trap." Sharpnose stepped back as Nightstar rose to his paws, anger radiating off him in waves.

"Then I will." He snarled. "Bloodfire! Scarear! Thunderspark! Redtail! Come with me to the gorge!"

He turned to Sharpnose.

"For your disloyalty and refusal to listen to orders, as leader of

Stormclan, I exile you from the clans. I strip away your warrior name, and leave you as Sharp. If you return to any clan, you will be treated as if Scourge had returned. You will be killed upon sight of you aren't gone by sundown. Leave and never return, Sharp." Nightstar stood tall, looking down on Sharp. Gasps broke out among the cats in the clearing as Nightstar continued. "The official story for this is that Sharp tried to murder me when Leafclan left. Willowswipe will not know I exiled Sharp."

"Yes Nightstar." The clan murmured. Sharp took a glance at her former leader, then turned and ran towards the Snowclan border.

"Let's go. The rest of you, please go back to camp and see Echoherb for your wounds." Nightstar padded to where his new patrol was. Bloodfire was looking down the edge of the cliff.

"I think I see a way to get down. Safely." Bloodfire added. Nightstar nodded.

"Then let's go."

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe crawled into the small cave, using up all her strength. The cave was smaller than the moss cave, and more wet too. Water dribbled down the walls, and down into a little pool at the back of the cave. Moss lined the floor, soft and squishy to the touch. Willowswipe stopped in front of the pool, and leaned her head down. Her tongue flashed out, and ice cold water slid down her dry throat. It sent a shiver through her, and she fell over on her side. She could faintly hear voices and claws scrabbling on the rock. The roaring of the water drowned most of it out though. Her stomach ached more than usual, and she started to panic. *What if I killed my kits? I could have kept them all alive, and now they could be dead.* Willowswipe wanted to wail out loud. She could feel the cold seeping into her, and the darkness threatened to consume her. Her eyes started to drift shut, and she let them.

Chapter Fifteen-

Following Nightstar

"Willowswipe!" Nightstar called. The rest of the patrol echoed the call. Nightstar tested the next step, it crumbled, and he jumped back. The crumbling landed so in a way it was a step down to a ledge. The water was splashing over the edge, making a slippery surface.

"Be careful on the way down." Nightstar warned. He started down, placing his paws down carefully. He took a glance back at his patrol, they seemed to be worried. *Do they doubt we will find her?* Nightstar pondered the idea. He shook his head and kept walking. They were now as close to the water as they would get, and they could barely put their paws in a line. Bloodfire slipped, and his paw went over the edge. He scrambled to pull it back up, successfully swinging the rest of his back side off the ledge.

"Help!" Bloodfire yelped, and Thunderspark bit down on his scruff, and pulled his back up. Water had splashed up to his shoulders, drenching him. A little crevice up ahead expanded the ledge for a short length. Bloodfire sat there and licked his fur dry while the others continued. Nightstar picked up a faint cat scent.

"Look out for her, I smell something." Nightstar announced, and raised his head to the sky, sniffing. The scent picked up, and Nightstar saw a small opening in the side of the gorge. He started to pick up his pace.

Nightstar slid to a stop as he reached the mouth. *She's in here.* Nightstar didn't hesitate before going inside.

"Wait!" Scarear called, but Nightstar ignored his call. Nightstar stopped moving when he saw her brown and gray body. Still. He kneeled next to her body and pressed his nose in her fur. *Still warm. Is that.....is that a heartbeat?* Hope flared in Nightstar. He grabbed her scruff softly, and pulled her as far off the ground as he could.

Her back legs drug on the ground as he pulled her towards the entrance. The rest of the patrol was waiting.

Thunderspark's eyes glittered with relief mixed with worry. The rest of the patrol just looked relieved.

"Is she okay?" Scarear asked.

"I hink ho." Nightstar mumbled around Willowswipe's fur. Scarear tipped her head.

"I think so? Is that what you said?" Scarear sniffed. Nightstar rolled his eyes and nodded. The patrol headed back, Nightstar behind the rest, being as careful as possible with Willowswipe. Her breathing was slow, and her front leg was bent at a weird angle. She whimpered as she hit a rock, making Nightstar wince. He slowed further, crawling up the steps as the patrol was at least five foxlengths ahead of him. The water had sprayed on his side, soaking him. *Just a little further. I won't risk moving her all the way to camp.* Nightstar reached the top of the cliff, tired, but didn't stop.

The patrol was waiting, watching as Nightstar hauled himself up onto the grass, then pulled Willowswipe up. She was on her side, stomach risen more than her chest was rising.

"Go get Echoherb, and find a lot of moss please. She won't be moved to camp until she can walk." Nightstar meowed before grasping Willowswipe's scruff again. Bloodfire, Thunderspark, and Redtail charged towards camp. Scarear helped Nightstar pull Willowswipe towards the edge of the clearing. Nightstar started to lick her fur, drying her. Scarear stayed away, looking at the scene around them. Tinyclaw, Honeyfur from Leafclan, and Barkstorm were the only cats that had died. Blood stained some of the ground, and there were some fur tufts on the ground. Once Nightstar had finished drying Willowswipe's fur, he pressed himself next to her, startled at the cold that was held in her fur. He looked at the sky. It was a deep pink/orange, and a few clouds dotted the sky. The sun was sinking below the horizon, and the moon gleamed brightly in the sky. He pressed his nose in her fur, and breathed in her sweet scent. The cats who left came back just as his eyes closed, and the darkness consumed him.

OH MY GOSH! PLEASE DONT SKIP!

Thank you all so much for 200 views! I'm so happy! I love you all so much! AAAAAH!! Okay, I know this is a HUGE number, but I will do another announcement like this at 500 views. Far off, right? I love you all! Thank you so much!!!!! <3

Alex!!!

Chapter Sixteen-

Following Willowswipe

Willowswipe saw darkness. Black, consuming darkness. She could hear and feel, but she couldn't move. Her body ached, and she could feel the tiny bodies inside her moving. Slightly. She felt like a kit again, a tongue rasping on her back, eyes closed, struggling to move. Her ears picked up voices, and the tongue stopped licking.

"Is she okay?" Willowswipe recognized Nightstar's voice, laced with worry.

"She looks Fine other than her leg. I think it's broken. She's just.....asleep." *Echoherb.* Her mind registered. *Wait....what was that hesitation?*

"You hesitated. What is wrong with her?" Nightstar demanded. A shuffle came.

"She's....asleep. she can hear and feel, but she can't move. Not yet, anyways." Echoherb added quickly.

"When will she wake up?" Nightstar asked.

"If she wakes up, soon. If not....." Echoherb trailed off. Willowswipe went into a panic. She used all her strength to move. Her paws twitched, and her eyes fluttered. A harsh light exploded in her eyes, making her wince. She struggled again, and her paw lashed out, connecting with Nightstar's nose. He yelped, then jumped up.

"She's trying!" He yelled. Willowswipe pushed her eyes open again, and blinked a few times. She focused on Nightstar, and tried to move again. Her legs jerked in a fluid motion, and she pushed herself onto her stomach. Echoherb and Nightstar stared at her. Nightstar laid next to her, purring, and licking her head. She purred back.

"My....kits.....okay...?" Willowswipe meowed as loud as possible, which was a whisper. Echoherb looked at her paws.

"I don't know. I'm sorry." Echoherb murmured. Willowswipe let her head droop. Pain rippled through her stomach, and she groaned. "They should be here in a few sunrises."

"Is Barkstorm dead?" Willowswipe asked. Her voice was a little louder.

"I didn't see him, so I think so." Nightstar stifled a growl. His eyes flared with hatred towards Barkstorm. Willowswipe froze as another thought came to mind.

"How did I get out of the ravine? I remember crawling into a cave, but nothing after that." Willowswipe looked at Nightstar. He looked guilty. "You didn't...."

"What was I supposed to do? I wasn't going to let you die in a ravine! I had to find you, even if it cost others their lives. You're worth it to me." Nightstar paused. "You're worth it to all of us."

"Don't *ever* risk *anyone's* life for mine again! I understand I am having kits, but that's no reason for you to risk other Cats their lives! I could have gotten out, and you could have killed that intire party, including yourself!" Willowswipe snapped, and scrambled to her paws. Her pelt bristled, and her mind ran through all the things she could say. "First, you risked your life as a kit to see if I was okay, second you risked your life as a warrior saving me from Barkstorm, almost killing you. Third, you do....*this,* and not only did you risk *your* life, you rolled some of your clanmates lives! I can protect myself, I don't need you acting like a shadow trying to save me from every bump in the night!"

"Willowswipe, I'm sor-" Willowswipe cut him off, eyes burning with rage.

"No. I've made my decision." She took a deep breath. "When my kits are born, I will make the decision on whether or not they know who their father is. I love you so, so very much, but if I were to have given birth in that cave and died, no. The second you tried to

save me from that cave you disappointed and betrayed me. All you had to do was give me some time. You won't know my decision until my kits are born. I'm sorry Nightstar, but in the end, it's up to you to make me think, no, know I can be with you *and* protect myself."

Chapter Seventeen-

Following Willowswipe

"Come on, push." Echoherb soothed as Willowswipe screeched in pain. Spasms rippled through Willowswipe as the first kit slid out. It had been three sunrises, in which Nightstar had only seen her to bring news. She went and got her own prey. She had been thinking and thinking about what she said to him, and decided their kits would know their father. She could see the regret and sorrow in his eyes when he looked at her, she could feel his gaze burning into her pelt as she spoke to Spottedflame I front of the nursery while Spottedflame's kits rolled around play fighting. Three kits, two she-cats, one tom. A brown she-cat with green eyes named Jadekit, a little duplicate of Ashcoat named Graykit, and a gray she-cat with amber eyes named Clearkit. Yes, Willowswipe made her decision.

"Push!" Echoherb urged Willowswipe again. Willowswipe yowled as loud as she could, then a little bundle slid out. A black she-cat. *Shadekit.* A voice whispered inside Willowswipe. She screeched as another kit came out. A duplicate of Willowswipe. *Sparkkit.* And another. A sand colored tom. *Sandkit.* And the next, a pure gray she-cat. *Heatherkit.* A brown tom. *Swiftkit.* A golden tom. *Goldenkit.* Goldenkit was still, not breathing. Willowswipe didn't notice yet. A pure white she-cat. *Snowkit.* She flopped her head down, and fell asleep, her six alive kits suckling happily. Echoherb picked up Goldenkit, and carried him out of the den. Willowswipe was already asleep.

_-_

A/N - Hey! Sorry for the short, SHORT chapter! I just needed to put the birth and names down, but, hey, better now than later!

Alex

Important!!!

Hey guys, this is kind of a sad authors note. So I realized something after reading some books like mine, mine goes *waaaaaay* to fast. I mean, Willowswipe was only a kit for what, 1 chapter? And then her apprenticeship was only 1 chapter I think, and there hasn't even been a gathering! So, this is the sad part. I am probably only going to do a few more chapters of THIS BOOK. But! (Here's good news. :)) I WILL BE MAKING A SECOND BOOK! It will move slower, and it will have more detail. I'm thinking about starting a different series altogether, I mean, I have one called **Warriors: Starkit's destiny**, but I mean, like, I dunno. Maybe I could just focus on Starkit? I dunno....tell me what you guys think. Cuz, honestly, in other people's books, Willowswipe would just now be an apprentice. :/ But if you guys LIKE this book, I could make a spin off on one of her kits or something.....but I KNOW I have a surprise for the end of this book. No spoilers, but it has to do with the prophecy, A LOT. So, comments, please? Tell me what you would like? I'm open to suggestion, meaning new books and clan ideas and new cats (Coming up with..... 20 cats at a time is REALLY hard) and constructive critizm. I love you all, and I hope you support my decision!

Important!!!! (#2)

Okay! Good news! This book will go on for ***many*** chapters yet! But, not technically *this* book. I've decided to make the second book ingrained into this book! Like, two books in one. This way I don't have to finish this book quite yet, and hey, who knows, maybe I will just change the name of this book and put the *entire* series in here!

=(^.^)=

Comment what you think on these three options.....

It sounds like a good idea, do it.

I don't care as long as it continues, sure, try it.

or

Just end it.

~•~

Thank you for feedback, and I hope you have a wonderful day!!

Chapter Eighteen- The End

Following Willowswipe

~6 moons later~

"Shadepaw! Sparkpaw! Sandpaw! Heatherpaw! Swiftpaw! Snowpaw!" The clan yowled the names of the new apprentices, Willowswipe filling with pride. Her heart still ached for Goldenkit. He had died the moment he was born, and Willowswipe blamed herself for it. Goldenfeather had given birth to kits a moon after Willowswipe's. Firekit, a firey tom with blue eyes, Halfkit, a half orange, half gold she-cat with golden eyes, Leafkit, a brown she-cat with green eyes, and Barkkit, a brown tom with brown eyes that Willowswipe never stayed near for long. He reminded her of Barkstorm. Goldenfeather had been acting more jumpy, snappy, and fierce. She would take any reason to argue and was quick to fight. Willowswipe stood as Nightstar dismissed the clan. He padded to his kits, and Willowswipe went over to Goldenfeather. She sat at the nursery, her kits playing around her. Her eyes were cold, and she stood as Willowswipe approached.

"We need to talk." Goldenfeather meowed, then walked towards the entrance. Willowswipe followed, mystified.

~*~

"What do you want to talk about?" Willowswipe asked once they were by the Snowclan border. She noticed Goldenfeather's claws were out. She stopped, as did Goldenfeather.

"You stole things from me. Things I deserved, things I should have had. One, for which, was Nightstar. Ever since we were kits, you stole from me." Goldenfeather mewed in a sickingly soft and sweet voice, as if she didn't care. Willowswipe took a step back, confused.

"I didn't steal anyone from you." Willowswipe protested. Goldenfeather looked at her with disbelief.

"You stole everything! Everything!!" Goldenfeather growled. Willowswipe didn't let her claws extend, she wouldn't hurt her sister.

"You even stole my chance. You should have died on that gorge, who do you think planned the attack? *Windstar?* That airheaded fleabag couldn't catch greencough. *I* planned it all. Barkstorm, the attack, even you being flung off the gorge." Goldenfeather's eyes were filled with hatred. Willowswipe's jaw dropped. Goldenfeather lashed her tail, and crouched. Willowswipe turned as Goldenfeather launched herself at Willowswipe.

"YOU STOLE IT ALL!!" Goldenfeather yowled as she flipped Willowswipe over. Her stomach was exposed. Willowswipe's eyes widened in fear as Goldenfeather dug her claws into her shoulder. Willowswipe didn't shriek, didn't yell.

'*The great willow sways in the wind with the swipe,*
although the gold may smite,
all shall go well in truth and love,
even with a hate stronger than dove. One shall sink, the other blossom, and one will, be forgotten.'

The prophecy echoed in Willowswipe's mind as Goldenfeather slashed at Willowswipe's chest. Blood spilled out as Goldenfeather dug in deeper. Black shrouded her vision as Goldenfeather bared her teeth and sunk them into Willowswipe's throat. A voice filled her head before she let dark consume her.

"You lost your chance to be great, now one of your kin must take your place. Come with me, into the stars, no matter your choice, you are by far, the only one that can save our hearts."

The End

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OR IS IT?

BIG ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

Hi guys! I have news!!!!!! Okay! This will be a little multiple choice question. Ready? Here it is:

♥♡♥♡♥♡♥♡♥
If you had a choice for the next book out of these options, what would it be?

A) A continuation of one of Willowswipe's kits

B) A new story with the same prophecy, like a cat from another clan related to Willowswipe

C) A new story/prophecy, like a related prophecy, but a little different. I mean, it'll have to change a little bit

D) A brand new prophecy AND characters

Other)_____

So, comment your answer, and we will decide together!!!!!

New book next chapter!

I have already decided on the new prophecy holder! No spoilers! :D

See ya guys later!

Alex

Chapter One-

~ [I'm not gonna put in an alliance unless you guys want me to. Also, you might notice my writing style is a little different.] ~

The new apprentices watched as Nightstar dismissed the clan, and padded over to them. Shadepaw looked around for Willowswipe, but couldn't find her. She turned her gaze back to her father.

"How do you like your mentors?" Nightstar purred. Shadepaw got Swiftwing, Sandpaw got Sweetheart, Heatherpaw got Nightstar, Snowpaw got Flamedove, and Sparkpaw got Bloodfire. Shadepaw liked her mentor, he was funny, sweet, and didn't push anyone too hard.

"I like mine!" Shadepaw started to move towards her mentor, who was watching her.

"Go, I'll talk to the rest of you." Nightstar commanded. Shadepaw dipped her head, and raced over to Swiftwing. He stood as he watched her approach.

"Want to go explore?" He turned towards the entrance and Shadepaw hopped along.

"Yes!" She paused. "Have you seen Willowswipe?"

"No, I haven't. Maybe we should look for her." Swiftwing thrust his muzzle in the air, and started to sniff. Shadepaw followed suit, fear prickling her pelt like a porcupine. "Follow the scent."

Shadepaw looked at him in surprise, she hadn't scented Willowswipe. But now she knew the scent was there, she could smell it. It seemed to lead to the abandoned training hollow.

"This way." Swiftwing corrected when Shadepaw went the wrong way. Shadepaw ducked her head in embarrassment. They

continued through the forest. That's when the scent of Blood hit her nose.

Chapter Two-

Shadepaw started to panic. A yowl ripped through the air, coming from the direction they were heading.

"WILLOWSWIPE!!!" Shadepaw yowled at the top of her lungs before darting towards the sound. Swiftwing followed, but Shadepaw was faster.

Her paws thudded on the ground, showering leaves and dirt behind her. Birds tweeted and fluttered away from the charging Shadepaw. Blood pounded in her ears, and fear clouded her vision.

She broke through the bushes, and stood with her claws out. Her fur was fluffed out, her eyes wide, her claws gleaming razor sharp. A body laid in the middle of the clearing, bloody and pelt shredded. Pain eased into Shadepaw's eyes and heart. She stumbled to her mother, tears welling in her eyes.

She buried her nose in Willowswipe's fur, choking on the scent of death. Cold clung to her fur, and Shadepaw tried desperately to get her to wake up. Her tongue licked Willowswipe's back, but she didn't wake. Swiftwing exploded into the clearing. Swiftwing fell to the ground, sorrow radiating off him in waves. Shadepaw sniffed, and caught a whiff of another cat's scent. A very familiar scent. She stood, and searched Willowswipe to be sure.

And there it was. A golden tuft of fur, tangled in Willowswipe's neck. *Goldenfeather did this!* A voice inside Shadepaw snarled. Her eyes blazed with fury, and she felt the fur along her spine rise.

"Shadepaw? Where are you going?" Swiftwing asked as Shadepaw plunged into the undergrowth.

"To avenge my mother." She snarled.

Chapter Three-

Shadepaw charged through the forest, paws barely touching the ground. Anger whirled around her mind, along with hatred for Goldenfeather. She didn't know what she would do when she found her, she just knew she would make Goldenfeather pay.

Shadepaw burst through the camp entrance, and swept her furious gaze around the camp. And she found her mark. Goldenfeather sat next to the nursery. Shadepaw stormed over to her, and Goldenfeather was oblivious.

"You foxheart!" Shadepaw growled at Goldenfeather. Goldenfeather's eyes widened with surprise.

"Wha-"

"Don't even. You killed Willowswipe. You murdered her." Shadepaw hissed. Cats stopped and stared at the bristling she-cats.

"I would nev-"

"Save it." Shadepaw snarled. "I saw your fur on her body. I smelled your scent on her fur. I smelled the sadness that clung to her with her last breath."

Goldenfeather's eyes glistened with worry, but was quickly replaced by a bloodthirsty look. Shadepaw took a few steps back.

"You lie." She hissed. Her claws slid out as Shadepaw let out a growl.

"You killed her!!!" Shadepaw screeched before launching herself at Goldenfeather. The moment of surprise that hit Goldenfeather allowed Shadepaw to knock her over. Her claws connected with Goldenfeather's face, and a shriek of pain erupted from her. Shadepaw bit into her ear, and tore it open. Blood dripped onto the ground, and it flowed freely. Goldenfeather slashed her claws at

Shadepaw's shoulder, connecting. Shadepaw rolled off from the hit, and Goldenfeather pounced on her, pinning her to the ground. Shadepaw used her back paws to batter Goldenfeather's stomach, and she felt the blood well out of the wound. Goldenfeather didn't notice. She raised her paw above Shadepaw's neck, claws glistening like stars, and brought them down. Shadepaw pushed herself out from under Goldenfeather right as her paw hit the ground. Shadepaw swiped at Goldenfeather, and caught her neck. Her claws ripped through Goldenfeather, and blood spattered the ground and Shadepaw. Her pelt was red. She threw herself up, and wrapped her paws around Goldenfeather's neck, choking her. Teeth bit into Shadepaw's scruff, pulling her off Goldenfeather. Goldenfeather fell to the ground, panting. Shadepaw struggled against her captor, but they held firm. She was set down. She turned to look who held her. It was Nightstar. He looked furious.

"My den. Now." He hissed before storming off to his den. Shadepaw watched him pad off, then turned back around. She jumped back at Goldenfeather, landing on her back, claws digging in. Goldenfeather screeched, a sound that echoed around the camp. Shadepaw bit Goldenfeather on the shoulder, and tore off some fur and skin. Blood dribbled down like a little stream, and Shadepaw leaped off. Goldenfeather wobbled to her feet, leaving a Blood trail as she struggled towards the medicine cat den. Shadepaw twisted to go to the leader's den, holding her head high and glaring at any cat that dare look at her.

Chapter Four-

"You stupid, *stupid* kit! You don't attack a clanmate! Mousebrain!" Nightstar paced back and forth in front of Shadepaw. She didn't care what he said. He didn't know Willowswipe was gone. "You don't even have a good reason to attack Goldenfeat-"

"SHE MURDERED WILLOWSWIPE! I have a perfectly good reason to attack her! Her fur was on Willowswipe's body! Her scent was *everywhere on Willowswipe!* SHE. KILLED. WILLOWSWIPE!" Shadepaw screeched. Nightstar's jaw dropped, and disbelief clouded his eyes. Then pain. Then anger. Then pain came back. He brushed past Shadepaw, like a zombie. She watched as he leaped onto the big rock.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the big rock for a clan meeting." His voice sounded dull. Shadepaw slipped out of the den, and tried to sneak to the apprentice den. "Shadepaw. Come up here."

Foxdung. She hurried up to the big rock, then scrambled up. Yowls came from the crowd, and Shadepaw did her best to shrink.

"Exile her!" One cat called.

"Kill her!"

"Leave her to Leafclan!"

"Enough!" Nightstar mewed sharply. The chatter died down, but Shadepaw felt the hostile gazes on her pelt. "She attacked Goldenfeather without reason. She attacked a fellow clanmate. Just because she lost someone. Swiftwing, did you see any indicator that Goldenfeather.....killed.....her?"

"No, I did not." Swiftwing admitted, and Shadepaw let her jaw drop.

"Very well. It pains me to do so, but I, Nightstar, leader of

Stormclan, exile you from Stormclan, never to return." His voice cracked with grief. Shadepaw wobbled on her paws, dread filling her from head to tail tip. She looked and saw Goldenfeather sitting at the mouth of the medicine cat den, a smug expression on her face. "If you are spotted....if you are spotted on our territory after Dawn tomorrow, you will be treated like an enemy."

Chapter Four.five(not a big chapter)-

Shadepaw ran through the forest, towards no determined destination. Tears streamed down her face, and the branches that lashed her pelt didn't bother her anymore. She didn't know where to go. She didn't know what to do. All she knew is she had to run. Run towards hope. Run towards the clan that almost killed her and her family. She had to go to Leafclan.

Chapter Five-

Shadepaw's paws ached as she crossed the border. She had been running for what seemed like moons, and she couldn't stop until she reached Leafclan. And that she did.

The pine needles poked Shadepaw's pads, but she kept moving. She didn't run fast, she stumbled through the forest. Sometimes whispers would come from the shadows. Sometimes, a twig would snap. But she didn't stop.

She slowed to a stop in front of the only maple tree she had seen. It urged her to climb, to rest in it's branches. So she did. She sprung up, and dug her claws into the soft bark. Her already sore muscles screamed in protest as she pulled herself up.

Almost the second she let her head fall, she was out like a light.

Chapter Six-

"Are you sure?" A voice whispered from the forest. Shadepaw stirred, awakening from her nap. She didn't feel tired, but her muscles still ached. Her jaws parted in a yawn, and she stretched largely. She didn't notice the voices, and climbed slowly down the tree, sending bark with her. The scent of Leafclan overpowered her, making her nose scrunch up. She started to move towards the trees when a crunch sounded. Then more whispers, but this time, she heard them.

"Sh. She might hear us." A voice hissed. She put herself on the ground, as flat as possible. Four cats stepped out into the clearing. A black tom with golden eyes and white ears, a silver she-cat with golden paws and blue eyes, a small orange she-cat with black paws and green eyes, and a gray tom with golden eyes. Fear radiated off her, and that made the cats laugh.

"Poor kittypet, all scared." The black tom sneered. The small she-cat shoved him.

"She isn't a kittypet, She's a Stormclan cat. It's worse." She laughed. "Why are you here, Stormclan mousebrain?"

"I'm not part of Stormclan anymore." Shadepaw spat bitterly. They looked at her in surprise.

"What's your name?" The silver she-cat asked. Shadepaw thought about it. She could be anyone. Anything. Her mind found one name. One possibility. One chance.

"I'm Deathpaw."

~•~

Hey guys! I'm here to tell you all goodnight, and I pray to StarClan you have good dreams! May StarClan light your path!

Alex

Chapter Seven-

Deathpaw looked at the cats. They didn't look pleased.

"Yeah sure." The black tom snorted. Deathpaw pushed herself up, and glared at him.

"I'm sure my name is *much* more.....*suiting* than yours." She sneered. The tom's eyes flashed with anger.

"My name is Shadefrost, foxdung." He snarled. Deathpaw took pleasure in how angered he was just by her talking. But the name hit her. *Shadefrost.* She liked it. The silver she-cat stepped in front of Shadefrost as he tried to step forward.

"Enough." She snapped. "We're taking her to Jaggedstar."

"But why can't she have some wounds to show?" Shadefrost complained. The silver she-cat shut him up with a glare. She turned back to Deathpaw.

"Come on." She commanded. *She must be the leader of the party.* Deathpaw padded behind her, the apprentice to her right, the gray Tom to her left, and Shadefrost behind her. She didn't bother memorizing the path to the camp, she wouldn't hurt her new clan. Well, she would hurt Shadefrost. Maybe.

Chapter Eight-

"Jaggedstar, this is Deathpaw. We found her at the maple tree." The silver she-cat dipped her head to a large brown and red tom with brown eyes. Deathpaw met his dangerous eyes with courage, no longer afraid. He flicked his tail, and the silver she-cat started to leave.

"Silverblood, sort some patrols please. We need more food, and Stormclan is knocking on out door." Jaggedstar sighed, but it wasn't calm, it was filled with anger.

"Yes Jaggedstar." Silverblood squeezed out of the den, leaving some silver fur on the brambles. Jaggedstar looked back at Deathpaw.

"You smell of Stormclan." He sniffed. Deathpaw flicked her tail angerly.

"I was part of Stormclan." She spat. "Then they exiled me for hurting the murderer of my mother."

"Your mother." He echoed. His gaze filled with questions.

"Willowswipe was my mother. Goldenfeather killed her." She spat the name Goldenfeather like it was filled with venom. Jaggedstar looked thoughtful.

"And you came here expecting us to take you in." He snorted, and stood up. "No Thank yo-"

"I don't expect you to just take me in." She interrupted him. His eyes widened in surprise. "I expect to have to fight for my place."

"And right you are." Jaggedstar's lip curled.

"I want to fight an apprentice like myself. Your strongest apprentice. Your rules as long as it's one on one." Deathpaw stood up. Strength rippled through her, and she dug her claws into the mossy ground as Jaggedstar thought.

"You will fight Sparkpaw. He is our strongest apprentice. To the death. Neither of you will show mercy." He didn't wait, he just pushed past her. She was left standing, horror spreading through her. *What did I do?* She panicked. But she couldn't back down now. She padded out of the den, leaving fur on the brambles as she faced the largest clan she ever saw.

Chapter Nine-

"Clan! We have a cat that wants to join our vicious ranks!" Jaggedstar yowled to the gathered clan. Gasps filled the camp, it wasn't often that a cat wanted to join Leafclan. Jaggedstar waited for the sound to go down before continuing. "So I have decided. Since we don't just let them join, we're going to have a little fun."

"What?" A cat yowled from the crowd.

"Stripefur, I will tell you." A grin erupted on Jaggedstar's face. "She will be fighting Sparkpaw. Sparkpaw, do you accept the challenge?"

"I do, Jaggedstar." A large brown and red Tom stood up. Deathpaw's hope dropped. She couldn't defeat him.

"Come up here." Jaggedstar commanded. The tom leaped up with a single motion, and stood next to Deathpaw. Something flared inside her, a new feeling she hadn't felt before. "First. Let's get some things straight. Deathpaw, how old are you?"

"S-six moons." She stuttered. A few cats laughed.

"Sparkpaw, how old are you?" Jaggedstar looked at the tom. He stood tall and proud.

"11 moons, Jaggedstar." His voice boomed, making Deathpaw flinch.

"Rule 1- Fight to the death. Rule 2- No cat is going to interfere. Rule 3- One. On. One." Jaggedstar let the clan yowl for their choices. Only one cat called out Deathpaw. Jaggedstar stepped off the rock, and sat next to Silverblood.

Deathpaw lashed her paw out, and caught his nose with her claws. He took no notice as he lunged at her.

Chapter Ten-

Sparkpaw pinned her down easily, and she struggled. His claws dug into her shoulders, and she felt blood run down her shoulders. A shriek erupted from her throat, and she used her back paws to launch him off her. He flopped to the side. She pounced on him, and clawed his stomach. A fresh scar ran down from his throat to his stomach. She let her Claw pushed into his scar, but he pushed her off. She soared through the air, then slammed into Jaggedstar's den.

Pain rippled through her, making her gasp for air. Sparkpaw padded slowly towards her, eyes glinting with bloodlust. Deathpaw struggled to find her footing, but slumped down. He stood in front of her, paw in the air with claws reflecting the light.

"Any last words?" He sneered. An unknown energy flowed through her, strength flying through her from nose to tail tip. She stood without needing the support of the den.

"I'm not frightened of joining StarClan! But I have a feeling you will see them soon!" She snarled, and lunged at him. Her paws wrapped around his neck, and he struggled to get free. She let herself fall back, bringing him on his back. She fell off his back at the last moment, and pinned him down. Her back claws sliced his stomach, and she felt the blood flow freely. She took her Claw, and placed it on the tip of the scar. She slowly ripped him open, and relished the feel of blood on her paws. She saw a flash of silver dance at the edge of her vision, and then she was on the ground, pinned by Silverblood.

"YOU FOXDUNG! HE ALMOST DIED FROM THAT WOUND ONCE, AND NOW HE MIGHT DIE!" Silverblood screeched. Her claws dug into Deathpaw's shoulders. "GET FREEZEHERB!"

A cat ducked into a den, and reappeared moments later with a white and blue she-cat with brown eyes. Deathpaw pushed Silverblood off, and left her on the ground. She padded towards

Jaggedstar and Sparkpaw.

Sparkpaw's chest rose and fell slightly, and a pool of blood was around him.

"Did I pass?" Deathpaw asked Jaggedstar with a sickingly sweet voice. Anger filled his eyes, and she sat down, licking her bloody paw.

"Get out of my clan!" Jaggedstar growled. Deathpaw looked up.

"No, I don't think I will. I won that battle, and I expect you to keep your word." Deathpaw narrowed her eyes at Jaggedstar as he stood up.

"Leave. Now!" He snarled. She rolled her eyes.

"Oh no. We *both* know I am the strongest cat here, age difference or not." Deathpaw snorted. " Go ahead, kick me out, I dare you, but your clan, your family, will die one by one."

"Leave my clan!" He screeched, and slashed at here muzzle. She dodged easily.

"Oh, let me join. Or else I'll Jill Sparkpaw right here, right now." She spat, and let her claws slide out again. She set the tip of a Claw on his throat, and watched as Jaggedstar's eyes filled with horror.

"You wouldn't dare." He hissed. She got an evil glint to her eyes.

"Try me." Her lip curled. Jaggedstar looked at her paw, obviously struggling with a choice. The light dulled in his eyes as he slowly padded to the big rock.

"Cats of Leafclan, seeing as she defeated Sparkpaw, I would like you all to welcome Deathpaw to Leafclan..."

~=~=~=~=~

Okay guys, I'm just trying to keep it from cutting my story again...sooooooooo.....how are ya guys? I'm sick. :(

I think it's a bad cold, but I can barely breathe out of my nose. Ugh. Sick sucks. :(

Alex

Announcement!

Hey guys, so I might not be on a lot today, I have to go to immediate care in a few hours, and I think What's wrong with me is I have swollen vocal chords, covered in mucus. It's really nasty, and I woke up at 1:30, not able to breathe. So if you guys would please send me some support and love, that would make my day.

{A sick}
Alex

Chapter Eleven-

Half of the clan looked at Deathpaw with awe, the other with acceptance. This surprised her. *They accept me just like that?* Deathpaw smiled at the imposing cats, then looked back at Jaggedstar. He was about to walk away, and Deathpaw stepped in front of him.

"Won't I need a mentor?" Deathpaw let her claws slide back in, and sat down. Jaggedstar's ear twitched.

"Yes. I suppose you do." He growled through clenched teeth. He turned back around, facing the clan once more.

"Deathpaw, until you get your warrior name, you will be trained by Dragonfur. Dragonfur, you learned much from Redripple, and I expect you to pass on his memory and skills to Deathpaw." Jaggedstar sounded resigned. A blue Tom with black spots and dark blue eyes stood up.

"I would be honored." Dragonfur looked at Deathpaw. She saw something in his eyes. Something she couldn't register. She shrugged it off.

"Can I check my son now?" Jaggedstar hissed at Deathpaw. She tilted her head, and looked,at Sparkpaw and Freezeherb. Freezeherb had a worried look plastered on her face. Sparkpaw was still bleeding heavily, and the cobweb on his stomach was as red as the pool around him. She turned back to Jaggedstar.

"Sure. I need to train." She stood aside as Jaggedstar rushed to his son's side. He looked at Freezeherb, and she let her head droop.

"He's not going to make it." She whispered, thinking Deathpaw couldn't hear. Guilt flooded through her, but she ignored it. She leaped off the rock, and headed towards Dragonfur.

"Clan dismissed!" Jaggedstar yowled, almost making Deathpaw trip

onto Dragonfur. She growled, and fixed herself.

"Where do we begin?"

Chapter Eleven.Five-

Time lapse of 3 moons

~Overview~

Deathpaw had grown close to her mentor, and she and Shadefrost seemed to be friends. She often found herself with one of them at all times, except when they slept. She had developed a crush on Dragonfur. Jaggedstar had started to forgive her for hurting Sparkpaw. Sparkpaw had just barely escaped from the brink of death, his heart stopped for a few moments before it started again. Silverblood despised Deathpaw, and Deathpaw returned the feeling. The clan accepted her, all but Sparkpaw and Silverblood. But she could live through it. Hopefully.

~End of overview~

Deathpaw lunged at Dragonfur again, but he dodged, and Deathpaw landed in the dirt. Again.

"Be a little faster next time. And don't forget to anticipate the opponent's move." Dragonfur purred, pulling her up. She growled playfully and pounced on him. He rolled over, and pinned her lightly on the ground.

"Only three moons of training left for you." Dragonfur whispered. Deathpaw felt her ears grow hot.

"Then I'll be a warrior." She purred. "And I'll be out of your fur."

"What if I don't want you to be?" He looked at her intensely. Her heart thudded fast in her chest. *What in StarClan's name does he mean?* Deathpaw wailed in her head. *He can't mean what I think he means....It's too good to be possible.*

"I-I don't know...." she stammered. Hurt flashed in his eyes as he got off her.

"Nevermind..." he mumbled. Guilt flooded over her, crashing into

her heart. She stood, and pressed herself up against him. He tried to pull away, but she went up to him again.

"I love you. Dragonfur, I *love* you. Do you understand me?" Deathpaw licked his shoulder.

"You're lying." He snarled, and stormed off. Deathpaw's heart broke as her love left her. She

My rant.

Okay guys, here's a thing that's been bothering me for a LONG time. So, I love all my readers and everything, but when I see one chapter has 3 reads, then the next one has 12, it makes me think some people don't pay attention. I try really hard to make a good story line and plot, and if someone decides, 'Oh, okay, I'm gonna skip to chapter 18 just to see the plot' it makes me *sooooo* mad. I understand a chapter can be boring, but a difference of that much just tells me that You're skipping chapters just to be done. And I understand some people think they were on that chapter and go to it after they accidentally removed it, but seriously. 9 Views may not seem like a lot, but to me it's a huge difference. So, I'm begging you all, please don't skip. It's kinda disrespectful and I really want you to know and interact with the book. I know that some people find a certain chapter boring, but sometimes something important is in it. So please read it all, I want to be able to see how many it's gone down for the chapters, not have them skipping around like a high monkey. Okay? Thanks.

Alex

Chapter Twelve-

Deathpaw watched Dragonfur eat a squirrel with Icebloom. Deathpaw knew Icebloom liked Dragonfur, it was obvious. Jealousy boiled in her, and she stormed towards Shadefrost. He was watching a rabbit on the pile. She sat by him, and wrapped her fluffy tail around her paws. He smiled at her, and snatched the rabbit.

"Wanna share?" He asked her shyly.

"Sure." She purred. He sighed and let her lay down next to him. Their pelts brushed, and she took a bite of the rabbit. He started to eat, and they finished it in a few large bites.

"Would you like to go hunting?" Deathpaw asked as they stood up. He nodded.

Deathpaw pounced on the mouse, and snapped it's neck. It died instantly. She dug a hole and buried it quickly so she could go find Shadefrost. They had split up to find out who could catch the most prey. She sniffed the air, and, finding his scent, started towards where he was. She crouched, and pushed past the bushes. Voices came from where she was going, and she pushed the bushes aside slightly so she could see who was there.

Dragonfur and Shadefrost were standing in a clearing, both looked mad.

"You took her from me!" Dragonfur growled. Shadefrost didn't move.

"I didn't take Deathpaw from you. She loves you, and it's so painfully obvious she doesn't love me!" Shadefrost's meow was filled with pain.

"She doesn't love me." Dragonfur hissed. Shadefrost stood up higher.

"Yes she does, mousebrain. Are you stupid? She moons over you like She's starving and You're a bird!" Shadefrost exclaimed. "She loves you with all her heart, and you push her away like she isn't important. You love her, and you need to accept she loves you."

"You lie." Dragonfur snarled, and leaped at Shadefrost. They rolled over, dust spraying everywhere. Shadefrost was pinned, but then again, he wasn't fighting. Dragonfur's eyes were filled with hate.

"I won't let you hurt Deathpaw." Shadefrost hissed. Dragonfur's claws dug into Shadefrost's shoulders. Deathpaw couldn't take anymore of this. She burst through the bushes, and stood tall as Dragonfur stumbled off Shadefrost.

"Enough!" Deathpaw spat. "I'm not a toy you can control! Dragonfur! I told you I love you, and I meant it! Shadefrost! You are my best friend, and I love you like a friend! STOP FIGHTING! I CAN'T TAKE T ANYMORE! Ever since I came here, you two always picked fights with each other! STOP!"

"Deathpaw," Dragonfur started, and Deathpaw shut him up with a glare.

"Just stop. If you truly loved me, you two would stop. Find out what means more to you, your petty rivalry, or me." She hissed, and darted out of the clearing, towards camp.

Deathpaw laid in her nest, mind racing. *Did I really say that? Why did I do that.....* she wailed in her head. She might have just lost her two favorite cats.

~=~

Time Lapse, about two sunrises

"Deathpaw, we need to talk." Dragonfur's voice startled Deathpaw out of her deep sleep. "Now please."

"Give me a moment!" She snapped, and her jaws parted in a yawn. She stretched. Her eyes blinked the sleep out as she stumbled out of the apprentice den. She felt something soft under her paw, and looked down to see a brown tail.

"Ow!!" Fernpaw screeched. Deathpaw rushed out of the den.

"Where are we going to go?" She asked Dragonfur as she finally made her way out of the den. He turned around and padded towards the camp entrance. She followed, curious.

"We're just going for a walk, no hunting yet, no training today." Dragonfur told her after they left camp. She hurried to stay besides him, loving the feel of her pelt against his.

"What did you want to talk about?" She asked, and he stopped. She stumbled to a halt.

"What you overheard two sunrises ago." He said blankly. Her heart dropped. *Is he going to choose his anger over me?* She cried out in her mind.

"I've decided." He paused, and Deathpaw started to shake slightly. "I know how I feel. I know that....I know that I love you. And I can't give that up for a stupid argument. So, I choose you. Deathpaw, will you be my mate?"

Her heart skipped, and her mind whirled. She pressed herself against him, and rubbed her muzzle on his shoulder.

"Yes." She purred.

Chapter Thirteen-

Deathpaw and Dragonfur padded into camp, tails intertwined, purring. Deathpaw felt a hostile stare on her, and glanced around. She met Icebloom's gaze, her eyes burning with fury and jealousy.

"Are you going to the gathering?" Dragonfur snapped her back to the real world.

"I don't know." She admitted. "Jaggedstar didn't invite me-"

"Deathpaw!" Jaggedstar's yield cane from his den. She pulled away from Dragonfur, and shot a worried glance in his direction. She glared at Icebloom as she passed her.

Tufts of her fur was left in the brambles surrounding Jaggedstar's den entrance. She sat in front of him, and he looked excited.

"I'm very pleased with your training so far, and I would like it if you would come to the gathering tonight." He smiled at her. Surprise and relief washed over her, and She sighed.

"I would love to attend." She purred.

"Also." He said as She turned to leave. "I'm setting your assessment for a moon and a half from now. Your *warrior* assessment."

"Really?!" She shrieked. "I can't wait to tell Dragonfur!"

"Yes, I've seen how close you two are." His voice was filled with amusement. Deathpaw ducked her head in embarrassment, and hurried out of the den. She almost ran into Dragonfur.

"I'm becoming a warrior in a moon and a half!" She squealed. He looked shocked.

"Three moons of training and he's making you a warrior?! That's.....that's....." She pushed her muzzle into his shoulder, and then skipped to the apprentice den. She paused and looked over her

shoulder.

"I'm also going to the gathering!" She called, then jumped into the apprentice den. Dragonfur squeezed into Jaggedstar's den, angry.

"Three moons of training, and you say she's ready?" Dragonfur hissed at Jaggedstar. Jaggedstar lifted his head.

"She'd have been training for *four* moons by then." Jaggedstar pointed out. Dragonfur growled in frustration.

"I don't care! She isn't ready!" Dragonfur hissed.

"Dragonfur, I know you're worried. But she's a good, strong cat. She'll be fine. She could have been made a warrior that first day if She had known the moves. She learns things faster than Sparkpaw, and she's smarter too. She's ready!" Jaggedstar sighed. "Trust me, she's ready."

"If she gets hurt, you'll pay." Dragonfur snarled, and stormed out of the den. Jaggedstar watched him leave.

Chapter Fourteen-

= [Dedicated to Hollypaw, an amazing person who's been such a good friend(I don't write on my computer, so I can't *actually* dedicate)] =

The clan raced along the Stormclan border, tail streaming behind them, wind rushing through their fur. Deathpaw ran beside Dragonfur, paws thudding in perfect rhythm. Jaggedstar was in the lead, Silverblood right next to him. Sparkpaw was in the back, Shadefrost, Tigerice, Stripepaw, Freezeherb, and Riverheart in the middle. The gathering meeting place was a waterfall clearing, the Stormclan and Snowclan leaders sat on the left side of the waterfall with their deputies on the rocks underneath them. The Nightclan and Cloudclan leaders sat on the right side of the waterfall with their deputies on the rocks underneath them. The Leafclan leader sat on the large rock in the middle of the top of the waterfall, with their deputy next to them. The waterfall was in the middle of the clans, where they combined, and met in a huge clearing about twenty foxlengths wide.

The Leafclan cats exploded into the clearing, the last ones there. Deathpaw wanted to shrink under the gazes of the other clans. But She only shook a little, and stood by Dragonfur as he led her to an empty spot by a tree. Cats of all shapes, sizes, genders, and ages watched her. She noticed a few of her old clanmates.

"Dragonfur, they recognize me." Deathpaw whispered, voice shaking. He pressed up against her, and they sat down in the spot.

"It's okay." He soothed. She let herself lean on him as the leaders calked for attention.

"Leafclan will begin!" Jaggedstar yowled. The chatter died down. He looked at Deathpaw.

"We have an apprentice here that is to her first gathering! Please welcome Deathpaw!" He smiles at her. "Prey has been running well,

and even though some.....Snowclan scent has been smelled on our land!"

Yowls of protest came from the Snowclan cats arose. But Nightstar stepped forward.

"BE QUIET!" He roared. The clan died down. Deathpaw stood up and looked at her father. He looked sad, gray flecked his muzzle, his eyes were dull, He looked weak.

"I have news to share. Our deputy, Sweetheart, has died. She ate deathberries. And I want to intro-" He found Deathpaw's eyes.

Chapter Fifteen-

He looked away quickly.

"I would like to introduce our new deputy, Goldenfeather." Nightstar meowed quickly, and stepped back. Deathpaw's jaw dropped as She heard the news. Anger filled her, but She forced it down as Darkstar of Cloudclan stepped forward. He was the oldest leader, gray almost went around his entire face.

"Cloudclan is doing well, and even we have smelled Snowclan scents on our side of the border!" He shot a glare at Icestar. "We all know leafbare is coming soon, and since last leafbare showed dangerous for our traveling medicine cats, I would like to suggest we do not travel during leafbare."

"Are you *crazy*?!" Some cat screeched. A few echoed his cries.

"Yes, Darkstar, are you insane? Our medicine cats need to speak to our ancestors!" Icestar fixed her piercing blue eyes on him. He didn't flinch.

"If StarClan can come to us in dreams, why should we risk the lives of our healers!" He yowled. Murmurs of agreement swept through the clans.

"I never thought of it that way." Dragonfur whispered to himself. Deathpaw fixed her gaze back on the leaders.

"Darkstar, what you say does make sense. It was only last leafbare that almost half of the clans' medicine cats died. I will not allow Freezeherb to go to the moontree during leafbare anymore." Jaggedstar told Darkstar. Darkstar dipped his head.

"Thank you for your support. Mintfrost and Fernpaw will not go either. Nightstar, Riverstar, Icestar, what are your decisions?" Darkstar narrowed his eyes at the three leaders.

"What you say does make sense." Riverstar mewed. She stood. "I agree. Jaywhisp, you won't be going to the moontree during leafbare."

"But Riverstar-" a gray she-cat stood up.

"No. I won't lose you." Riverstar hissed, and the she-cat sat down.

"I don't want Echoherb going to the moontree." Nightstar agreed. Icestar's eyes were cold.

"I won't allow Heatherfur or Leafpaw to travel to the moontree during leafbare." She hissed. Darkstar smiled.

"Then we're in agreement." He paused. "This gathering is over!"

"But Snowclan and Nightclan didn't even go!" Cats yowled and screeched throughout the clearing. Icestar leaped forward.

"Snowclan is doing *fine,* and none of my warriors have been over your borders!" Icestar snarled. "In fact, my warriors have reported *Leafclan* scents!"

"Why would we want your scrawny rabbits when we have our mice and voles?" Jaggedstar hissed. Icestar looked smug. Silverblood stepped forward.

"This is what She wants. Stop." Silverblood whispered, then sat down. Jaggedstar sat down, But his eyes held anger.

"Nightclan is well. Mistfur drove out a fox." Riverstar backed away quickly.

"This gathering is now over. No sharing of the tongues tonight." Jaggedstar leaped down from the top of the waterfall, Silverblood right behind him. Deathpaw and Dragonfur stood, rushing to catch up with the leaving Leafclan cats.

"Shadepaw!" Nightstar's voice came from behind Deathpaw.

Chapter Sixteen-

Dragonfur and Deathpaw stopped as Nightstar came to a halt next to them. Dragonfur pressed himself against her, protecting her.

"What do you want, Nightstar?" Deathpaw growled.

"Shadepaw, it's so great to see you again!" Nightstar started to move forward, purring, But Dragonfur stepped in front of her. He stopped moving.

"I want to talk to Shadepaw." Nightstar sat down.

"She's Deathpaw now." Dragonfur hissed. Deathpaw rested her tail on his shoulders.

"It's okay. I'll talk to him." Deathpaw looked at Nightstar. "What do you want?"

"How are you doing?" He asked. She ignored him.

"What. Do. You. Want? Tell me now or I'll leave." Deathpaw took a step back.

"Wait! I...I was wondering if you would like to come back. You could be my Shadepaw again." Nightstar looked hopeful. Dragonfur looked worried.

"Dragonfur, don't worry. I'm not leaving you." Deathpaw purred. Dragonfur let out a sigh of relief. "And *you,* Nightstar, was the cat that exiled me. I will never join your clan. Leafclan is my home. It holds my mate, my friends, and my leader. You lost the right to be my clan when you kicked me out."

"Who's your mate?" Nightstar only heard mate out of that entire rant.

"I am." Dragonfur hissed. Nightstar didn't look surprised. "Let's go, Deathpaw. We need to get to camp before anyone notices."

"Agreed. Goodbye, Nightstar." Deathpaw threw over her shoulder as her and Dragonfur launched themselves towards home.

Chapter....Sixteen.Five(AND SPECIAL!)-

~Time lapse of 1 1/2 moons~

Deathpaw lunged at Dragonfur again, knocking him to the ground. She had grown to being as big as him in the time She had been here.

"I'm not supposed to tell you, But your assessment is tomorrow." Dragonfur whispered. Excitement bubbled up inside her. She quickly hopped off Dragonfur.

"I'm going to be a warrior!" Deathpaw squealed. Dragonfur purred and leaned on her. She felt as if She could run for moons.

~Time lapse of half a day~

Deathpaw stirred in her sleep. Her eyes flew open, and she was in a forest.

Trees surrounded her, she was in a clearing that was completely empty except for her. The short grass waved at her, welcoming her to StarClan.

"Welcome." A voice echoed through the forest. It seemed to come from many cats. "We have brought you here to reveal something special."

"What do you want?" Deathpaw yowled. Nobody answered for a moment.

"We have brought you here to reveal something special." The voice repeated. Irritation filled Deathpaw.

"Then tell me!" She called. Silence filled the air, not even the trees made sound.

"The old prophecy was as follows,

'*The great willow sways in the wind with the swipe,*
although the gold may smite,
all shall go well in truth and love,
even with a hate stronger than dove. One shall sink, the other blossom,
and one will, be forgotten.'

Half had been revealed. You mother, the willow, your father, the swipe. Beware the dove." The voice echoed.

"Tell me more!" Deathpaw screeched.

"Listen close....."

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THANK YOU ALL FOR 1000 READS!!! I'M ESTATIC!! I love all of you, and I never thought I would get this far! I want to thank all of you. And to give a huge thank-you, I am making a LONG, LOOOONG chapter next chapter! (Maybe not *that* long. XD) THANK-YOU ALL!!!

Alex

Chapter Seventeen-

Deathpaw stood underneath the big rock. Her time had come. Excitement rippled through her from ears to tail tip as Jaggedstar said the special words.

"And She had come to us as an exile, But we accepted her, with a little test of course." Jaggedstar added with a laugh. "And She worked hard for these past four and a half moons. She never gave up. And so, for this special ceremony, I would like to ask you to accept this apprentice as a warrior. Dragonfur, is She ready?"

"She is." Dragonfur purred. Deathpaw stared at him, love in her eyes. He looked like He could burst from pride.

"Then by the powers given to me as leader of Leafclan, I hearby name you Deathmoon, in honor of your night hunting and skills in battle, as we welcome you as a full member of Leafclan!"

"Deathmoon! Deathmoon! Deathmoon! Deathmoon!" The clan yowled to the sky. Deathmoon loved her new name. She heard Dragonfur's voice over all the rest, and She itched to move towards him.

"One more meaning on business!" The clan stopped cheering when Jaggedstar called. "We have two kits who need to be apprentices! Heatherkit, step forward!"

A little gray kitten stepped forward, shaking. She looked up at Jaggedstar with wide, scared eyes.

"Deathmoon, I know you just became a warrior, and that means you know the feeling of being an apprentice. I would like you to train Heatherkit. Heatherkit, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Heatherpaw." Jaggedstar smiled at Heatherpaw. She smiled weakly back.

"Wait!" Deathmoon screeched as the clan started to call

Heatherpaw's name.

"Yes?" Jaggedstar mewed.

"I was wondering if Shadefrost would joint train with me. I'm a new mentor, and I don't think I can do it alone." Deathmoon admitted. Jaggedstar tipped his head.

"Shadefrost, do you agree?" Jaggedstar turned towards the blue warrior.

"Erm.....sure. I mean, I do." Shadefrost stammered.

"Very well. Heatherpaw, you are very lucky. You have two mentors. Goldkit, step forward." A golden she-cat with blue eyes watched Jaggedstar with curious eyes.

"Until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Goldpaw. Silverblood, you need another apprentice. You will mentor Goldpaw."

"Yes, Jaggedstar." Silverblood dipped her head before sitting by Sparkpaw.

"Heatherpaw! Goldpaw! Heatherpaw! Goldpaw! Heatherpaw! Goldpaw! Heatherpaw! Goldpaw!" The clan shrieked. Deathmoon's apprentice rushed over to her new den. Deathmoon padded over towards Dragonfur. He was smiling widely.

"Congratulations!" He purred. She rubbed her muzzle on his shoulder.

"I have to go to the vigil." Deathmoon sighed, filled with regret. She pulled away from Dragonfur. He looked happy and sad.

"I know. You better go. I'll see you in the morning with a rabbit." He turned away from her and to the warrior den. She watched him go. The prophecy rang in her ears.

'The dragon's death will fight the gold, the story will be untold. Two clans must face, one survive, while the other is left to die.'

She had been told She must finish her mother's prophecy too.

"Vigil, Deathmoon!" Jaggedstar called. Deathmoon dipped her head and padded to the camp entrance.

The cold bit Deathmoon, But the other guard -Tigerfang- showed no sign He was cold. He looked over at her.

"Cold?" He asked. She nodded. "Want someone to warm you?"

She hesitated before nodding again. He stood up and headed inside camp.

"Deathmoon needs you." She heard Tigerfang hiss. A shuffling noise came, then moments later, Tigerfang appeared with Dragonfur. Dragonfur looked like He had just woke up. He padded over, and sat by her. She let him lean on her. She shot a thankful glance at Tigerfang, and He dipped his head. Warmth filled Deathmoon.

Morning came slowly for Deathmoon. It had crept up on her as cold as possible, chilling her to the bone. She pushed Dragonfur awake. He tilted over, almost falling, and jerked awake. He fixed himself, and stretched.

"Morning." He yawned. Deathmoon stretched.

"Can you tell Shadefrost that He needs to take Heatherpaw today? I need sleep." Deathmoon turned into the camp.

"Sure." Dragonfur hopped away, towards where Shadefrost was sitting. Deathmoon hurried to the warriors den, muscles aching for sleep.

Only a few cats were in the den. She hopped around them, and found Dragonfur's nest. A fresh nest was laid down next to his. She curled up in it, and drifted to sleep as quickly as She could blink.

Deathmoon awoke in the starry forest clearing. Shadows drifted across the entire clearing, and mist drifted lazily on the ground. Deathmoon looked for a cat, But saw none. The only sound was a bird somewhere.

"You are a warrior." The voice said flatly. It didn't echo. Deathmoon

looked for the source as always, But found none.

"Who are you?!" She screeched. A long silence filled the air. The mist seemed to be dragged to the middle of the clearing, building up in a big pile.

"I assume it's time for you to know." The voice sighed. The mist swirled, and floated up, revealing a cat Deathmoon hadn't seen for many moons. Deathmoon gasped.

Chapter Eighteen-

"M-mother?" Deathmoon whispered. Willowswipe smiled.

"It's been a long time, my dear." Willowswipe purred. Deathmoon forced herself to stay still. "Now, I must tell you important things. Beware the feather of gold, do not trust the ice flower, and there's one more....."

"What is it?" Deathmoon questioned.

"I learned of a new prophecy that contains mine and yours.

The great willow will help the death, and gold and gold will fight to the death. Night will fall, along with the Jag, and two will face, the good and the bad. Blood will spill, and blood will cover the hill, But one will win, and the other will die, because in the battle of good and evil, your heart never lies.

It will lead you on your path. Forget the first one. It holds minor meaning to you. It's what we had at the time." Willowswipe started straight ahead.

"TWO PROPHECIES?! I'M NOT SPECIAL! I DON'T WANT TO BE DIFFERENT!" Deathmoon screeched. Willowswipe flinched.

"I didn't ask to be different either, But yet, here we are." Willowswipe started to fade.

"WAIT!" Deathmoon cried.

"Why did you change your name?" The voice swirled in the wind before Deathmoon jumped awake.

Chapter Nineteen-

Goldenfeather walked alongside Echoherb. The path grew rugged, and a light bloomed at the end of the path, not yet seen. Echoherb pulled ahead, Goldenfeather following behind.

"Don't worry about what's going to happen." Echoherb and Goldenfeather reached the light tree.

The light filled the entire clearing, bright as day. Goldenfeather stared up at it in amazement.

"Wow." Goldenfeather breathed. Echoherb smiled and jumped on a low hanging branch. Goldenfeather launched herself at the tree, and scrambled onto the branch above her.

"Press your nose against the tree trunk, and let yourself fall asleep." Echoherb pressed her nose against the bark, and was asleep in seconds. Goldenfeather shook, and did the same. Dark sleep flowed over her, and swept her away.

Goldenfeather awoke to blue. She looked down and saw She was standing on a small circle of mist. It swirled, But She didn't feel it. The sky was pure blue, no sun or moon.

"Welcome." A voice drifted through the air. Goldenfeather looked around nervously.

"Who's there?" She called. All was silent.

"It's time." The voice came closer, and golden eyes drifted in the air in front of Goldenfeather.

"You must receive your nine lives....."

Chapter Twenty-

~Time lapse of 1 1/2 moons~

"Deathmoon, Shadefrost, Silverblood, Tigerfang, and Heatherpaw, to me!" Jaggedstar yowled, and ran out of the camp. The assembled cats screeched and followed, paws thudding on the ground. Excitement tingled through Deathmoon as She hurried by her clanmates.

"Let the gathering begin!" Jaggedstar screeched when He scambled up to his spot. Deathmoon looked at tge deputies. *Silverblood, Fernwhisker, Iceheart, and.....wait.* Fear and anger flooded through Deathmoon as She looked up at the Stormclan leader. *Goldenfeather!* A voice snarled.

"Leafclan will start!" Jaggedstar yowled. The clans grew silent. For the first time, realization hit Deathmoon, like a vice. Overwhelming pain and grief stabbed Deathmoon in the heart. Then anger and rage replaced it. She barely heard the voices. She faintly heard someone call her name,.but didn't pay attention. *Did Goldenstar kill Nightstar?!* She wanted to wail her pain out loud. A hard shove came from her side. She turned around, irritated. Shadefrost stared at her, pride in his eyes.

"Congratulations!" He purred. Confusion filled her.

"What?" She hissed. He laughed quietly.

"Jaggedstar just made you the new deputy. Silverblood just retired in front of everyone. You're now the deputy." Shadefrost purred. Deathmoon looked at Jaggedstar in disbelief. Sure enough, He was staring at her with a smile on his face. Slowly, pride crept into her. Her throat rumbled in a deep purr, But She choked on it, remembering that Nightstar was gone. *What life is Jaggedstar on? Is He almost gone? He's the second oldest, and gray is all around his muzzle.* Deathmoon noticed things She hadn't before. The gray on his muzzle, the stiffness in his muscles, the sour scent of sickness

that hung around him like a cloud. She watched as Jaggedstar stepped back, and Goldenstar stepped up. A burning hatred filled Deathmoon.

"Well, *congratulations* Deathmoon." Goldenstar sneered at Deathmoon. Deathmoon bristled.

"As you all know, I lost a brave and loyal deputy in Darkfoot in the territory spat against Snowclan." Goldenstar spat at Icestar. Icestar growled. "So now, a rouge named Bone is our deputy."

A large white Tom with bright green eyes and gray ears stepped forward from the Stormclan deputy spot. He looked proud.

"That is all." Goldenstar mewed, and hopped back. Icestar stepped forward.

"I have no *idea* what 'territory spat' you're talking about. We didn't fight anyone, and we most certainly did not *kill* anyone!" Icestar growled. "Maybe you need to point your little accusations at your own clan members instead of mine!"

"Enough." Darkstar croaked. Icestar stepped back, fur fluffed out. "We have nothing to report."

"Our turn." Riverstar stood. "We only have one thing. We heard a prophecy. Fernclaw, step forward."

A small brown tom with golden eyes stepped forward, head held high.

"The prophecy is as follows:

The great willow will help the death, and death and gold will fight to the death. Night will fall, along with the Jag, and two will face, the good and the bad. Blood will spill, and blood will cover the hill, But one will win, and the other will die, because in the battle of good and evil, your heart never lies.

I-i think I know what it means." Fernclaw paused.

"Tell us!" A yowled filled the air.

"I-i think we need to choose a side, Death, or gold." Fernclaw looked scared.

"Cloudclan will be joining death." Gasps rang out in the clearing as Darkstar announced it. Riverstar dipped her head in agreement.

"Ever since we receive the prophecy, we chose death." Riverstar pointed her tail at a Tom that stood up.

"But death is death! It's dying and pain! WHY?!?!" The Tom wailed. Riverstar hushed him.

"Death is release from this world. Death is good, and almost every gold is bad. Gold brings greed and hate, death brings justice and renewal." Riverstar made the words make sense. Deathmoon felt something next to her.

"You are the death." The voice whispered. "And Goldenstar is the gold. You will fight her with a new clan, and may your story be told."

And with that, Deathmoon was left in the gathering, a haunted feeling on her shoulders.

~•~

Sorry if these next few chapters aren't very long or good, I have a surprise for you guys on Christmas! :D I can't wait to show ya guys! Bai!!!!!

Alex

Chapter Twenty-One-

"How was the gathering?" Icefur asked Deathmoon in the nursery. Deathmoon had promised to tell her what happened.

"Well, firstly, how are the kits?" Deathmoon teased. Icefur let her head fall down.

"Tiring. Now please tell me what happened?" Icefur begged.

"Fine." Deathmoon sighed. "Well, nothing really happened. Well, one thing. Silverblood retired in front of everyone. And I became the new deputy."

Deathmoon shrugged as if it didn't matter. Icefur's eyes widened.

"Wow!" Icefur squealed. Deathmoon hushed her quickly.

"Shhh." Deathmoon laughed. "It's not a big deal."

"Of course it's a big deal! Jaggedstar is on his last life!" Icefur exclaimed. Shock rippled through Deathmoon.

"I have to go." Deathmoon backed out of the nursery quickly.

"Oh....well...bye!" Icefur called, But Deathmoon was already in the Leader's den.

"You're on your last life?!" Deathmoon whisper yelled. Jaggedstar looked up from his mouse.

"Yes." He replied, and took another bite.

"Why didn't you tell me?!" Deathmoon hissed.

"Because you weren't my deputy. And cats outside the deputy, medicine cat, and leader circle, nobody should know what life the leader is on. It could send the clan into panic, and the clan would make rash decisions. Rash decisions would lead to uncontrollable

cats, and uncontrollable cats lead to anger. And anger would lead to battle, which in turn would lead to war. We can't have war, can we?" Jaggedstar sounded older and more wise. Deathmoon tipped her head.

"I understand. I won't tell anyone. And, Jaggedstar?" She asked right as She was about to leave.

"Yes?" Jaggedstar replied.

"I don't want you doing any patrols around the Stormclan border." She padded out without waiting for an answer.

"Tigerfang, Dragonfur, Shadefrost, Goldpaw, and Coalclaw, go hunting on the Stormclan border. Tigerfang is the leader of the party." Deathmoon ordered from the big rock. "Jaggedstar will be taking a border patrol to the Snowclan border that will consist of Heatherpaw, Waterfur, and Icebloom. The border patrol at sunhigh will be going to the Stormclan border and I will lead it with Dragonfur, Tigerfang, Heatherpaw, and Goldpaw. I will figure out the rest later."

The cats dispersed, and Jaggedstar went to his patrol. Deathmoon padded off to the warrior den, wanting sleep from last night's gathering.

~•~

Did anyone notice I put Chapter Eighteen on last chapter rather than Twenty? Don't worry, I changed it, But I mean, that was stupid of me. Sorry if anyone got confused about it, it was late when I wrote that, and I apparently didn't notice how I labeled things! XD. Sorry, again!

Alex

Chapter Twenty-Two-

"Jaggedstar will be leading a border patrol to the....to the Stormclan border." Deathmoon hesitated in allowing him to go. The cats below waited for the rest of the party. Deathmoon shook her head and continued. "I will be going, along with Heatherpaw, Tigerfang, and Dragonfur. The hunting party today will go *all day*, and will consist of Shadefrost leading it, Darkfur, Spottedfur, Sparkclaw, and Coalclaw. Clan dismissed!"

The cats chosen separated, and Jaggedstar went to his patrol. Deathmoon waited, then followed.

The pines that had once pricked Deathmoon's paw pads didn't bother her anymore. They were comforting. The trees that once scared her held the precious food She loved.

"Wait." Jaggedstar stopped the patrol. Deathmoon came to a halt next to him.

"What is it?" Deathmoon whispered. Jaggedstar put his nose to the ground. Deathmoon sniffed the air. A foresty scent filled her nose, and her pelt burned.

"Jaggedstar, we need to get out of here now, Stormclan is nearb-" Deathmoon was cut off as two cats stepped out from the bushes on Leafclan's side.

"Hello, Leafclan fleabags." The gray Tom sneered. He was large, with blue eyes and black paws. The other was a blue she-cat with green eyes and black ears.

"Get off our territory." Jaggedstar growled. The Tom pretended to think.

"Nah." The Tom purred. Jaggedstar fluffed out his fur.

"Heatherpaw, go get help. Get the hunting patrol." Deathmoon whispered to Heatherpaw. Heatherpaw nodded, and darted off. Dragonfur and Tigerfang parted to let her go. Deathmoon watched her leave, then turned back to the cats.

"You smell of Stormclan." Jaggedstar growled. The cats laughed.

"That's cuz we're from Stormclan, mousebrain." The she-cat let her claws extend.

"And we're gonna make Goldenstar proud by taking this strip of land." The Tom snarled. Deathmoon stepped forward.

"You've got some nerve coming here. You're outnumbered, outsmarted, and you don't know this territory at all." Deathmoon hissed. The Tom looked surprised.

"Outnumbered, eh? We'll see about that. STORMCLAN, OUT HERE!" The Tom yowled. Cats spilled out in front of the Leafclan cats.

"Good going, Deathmoon." Tigerfang hissed. Deathmoon shot him a glare. A certain she-cat stepped out into the front.

"Goldenstar!" The she-cat gasped. She dipped her head. "I'm so sorry you had to waste time coming here!"

"No need to apologize, Reedfur." Goldenstar purred. Reedfur lifted her head at the mention.

"Now. Where were we. Ashclaw, ready?" Goldenstar crouched. Deathmoon crouched, and the patrol followed slowly. "Stormclan! ATTACK!"

"LEAFCLAN, ATTACK!" Deathmoon screeched, and launched herself at Reedfur. The two cats rolled over in a bundle. Screeches and yowled filled the air as Stormclan attacked Leafclan. Deathmoon slashed at Reedfur's muzzle. Reedfur shrieked, and dug her claws into Deathmoon's shoulder. Deathmoon ignored the pain and flipped Reedfur over. Deathmoon pinned Reedfur, and slashed her stomach. Blood spattered the ground, and Deathmoon's paws were sticky with blood. Reedfur shrieked in pain, and scrambled out from under Deathmoon. Reedfur ran into the bushes marking Stormclan

territory. Deathmoon looked for the nearest cat. Jaggedstar and Goldenstar were fighting in the middle of all the cats, both bleeding heavily. Deathmoon leaped at Goldenstar, But was barreled into. A sand colored Tom with green eyes was on top of Deathmoon.

"Sandpaw?" Deathmoon whispered. Reorganization flickered in his eyes before hatred returned.

"It's Sandheart now, foxdung." Sandheart snarled. He clawed her chest, and She screeched. Pain ripped through her. She closed her eyes and forced herself to attack. She slashed at his eyes. He fell off her. She bit his leg, and it crumpled underneath him. He crawled away, But Deathmoon wouldn't let him go. She pounced on him, and ripped fur off his back. His cries echoed through the forest. Cats flooded into the clearing. Stormclan cats. She let Sandheart go, and stared in horror at the new cats. They pulled Leafclan cat after Leafclan cat off the Stormclan cats. She looked for Dragonfur, and found him. She ran over to him. He was laying on the ground, blood all around him. His throat was ripped open, and his eyes were dull. She stared him in the eyes.

"Deathmoon.....I love.....you.....please.....don't let them.....take me....I can't.....leave you...." He gurgled. Tears formed in her eyes. She gripped his scruff, and started to gently pull him. She ignored the cries in the distance, and kept pulling him.

"No.....stop.....don't.....pull...me any.....further....." Dragonfur let her set his head down gently.

"No, we're almost there. Just a few moments." She cried.

"I'm....going to hunt.....with StarClan." His breathing slowed a little.

"No! Don't leave me!" She wailed. He grew more and more weak.

"I have.....to....." He started to close his eyes.

"I'm expecting your kits....."

Chapter Twenty-Three-

"I'm expecting your kits....." Deathmoon whispered. Dragonfur barely heard it. But the part that did hear her flared to life, and hope. But his eyes wouldn't open. And the only sound was the sobs that came from Deathmoon. He drifted off to the darkness.

"Where am I?" Dragonfur yowled. He was on a little mist platform. Blue sky surrounded him for infinity. A cloud started to form, a swirling ball of white. A cat shape formed, But No distinct fur or size.

"Welcome." A voice called. It sounded like many cats put together. "We have been expecting you."

"Let me go to Deathmoon!" Dragonfur growled. The voice laughed.

"All in good time. First, we must tell you the prophecy." The voice paused.

"*The great willow will help the death, and death and gold will fight to the death. Night will fall, along with the Jag, and two will face, the good and the bad. Blood will spill, and blood will cover the hill, But one will win, and the other will die, because in the battle of good and evil, your heart never lies.* "

"What does it mean?" Dragonfur questioned.

"I can't tell you. But Deathmoon will learn soon enough. And you can tell her you know about it." The voice added quickly.

"Wait! You said I can tell her about it, does that mean I'm not dead?" Dragonfur felt hope flood through him. He could see his Deathmoon and their beautiful kits.

"No. You are very much alive, But you are on the brink of death. We have to hope you will survive. But I have a feeling you will." The voice drifted off. "Oh, and name one of your kits Bloodkit."

"Why?!" Dragonfur yowled, But nobody answered. The mist cat was gone. And He was alone, alone on the cloud.

Chapter Twenty-Four-

Deathmoon forced herself to stand up. Dragonfur's blood stained her face from where She had been laying. She grabbed his scruff again, and started to drag him towards the close camp.

She fell over in the middle of the camp, Dragonfur slumping next to her. She faintly heard a screech, but She felt too tired to notice who it was.

"She's still alive. She just needs some rest." A voice said. "Dragonfur.....I think he's still alive. Help me bring them to my den. *CAREFULLY!*"

Deathmoon felt herself being dragged. The scent of herbs hit Deathmoon, and She knew where She was. But it didn't last long, because sleep drifted over her.

~•~

~Time Lapse of 1 day~

Deathmoon awoke to see the familiar roof of the medicine cat den. She stood up, and tried to stretch. A yelp of pain came from her as She stumbled out of the den. She didn't see Dragonfur in there.

Cats rushed to see her, alerting the rest of the clan She was out. She didn't see Jaggedstar.

"You're alive!"

"I can't believe you're out already!"

"Give her some space!"

"Let me through! Keep in mind She doesn't know of what happened! Let me tell her!" Shadefrost's commanding voice parted the crowd. He appeared, and his pelt was littered with fresh scars.

"Where's Dragonfur?" Deathmoon demanded. Shadefrost looked at her.

"Out hunting. He was healed by StarClan this morning. StarClan healed us a little bit, and you and him were healed completely. It's very strange." Shadefrost told her.

"Where's Jaggedstar?" She whispered, dreading the answer.

"Well....he's um..... truth is.....he's.....dead." Shadefrost shuffled uneasily. Deathmoon felt loss stab her. He had been like a father to her.

"You're joking." Deathmoon growled.

"I'm afraid not." Shadefrost whispered.

"Where is He?"

"Buried outside the camp."

"Where is Freezeherb?"

"Gathering herbs."

"Please tell me this is a joke." Deathmoon begged. Shadefrost dipped his head.

"I'm sorry, But this isn't a joke. He really is dead, and you really are our leader." Shadefrost grew irritated. "Look, when Freezeherb gets back, you two are going to the moontree. Understand?"

"Not until I see Dragonfur." Deathmoon raced out of camp, muscles screaming.

She found Dragonfur's scent, and followed it.

Chapter Twenty-Five-

"I don't understand, Freezeherb. Why would StarClan save me?" Deathmoon asked as they came to the forest edge. Freezeherb looked at Deathmoon.

"You're special. StarClan needs you to continue. They work in mysterious ways." Freezeherb took the lead. Deathmoon followed slowly.

"When we get there, you need to go on a branch and press your nose against the trunk. StarClan will send sleep your way, and they will take you there." Freezeherb explained as a glow came into view. Deathmoon dipped her head.

"I don't know what to do." Deathmoon whispered, not meaning for Freezeherb to hear.

"Just trust them. You don't need to do anything except follow your heart." Freezeherb paused. "And we can't talk anymore until the ceremony is over."

Freezeherb leaped onto a glowing branch, her tail swinging off, and pushed her nose against the trunk. Deathmoon stared at the huge tree. She pushed down the fear of what was to come, and launched herself up the tree.

She settled on a branch next to Freezeherb. Her nose pushed against the trunk, She closed her eyes as the StarClan sent sleep washed over her.

"Welcome." A voice called. She was on a hill that was covered in bright green grass. The sky was clear, with only the yellow disc that is the sun in the sky.

"Hello." Deathmoon replied. Mist started to form, it swirled up into cat shapes.

"We have been waiting a long time for you to arrive." The voice came from every shape's mouth. Fur started to grow from the shape's bodies, and the mist drifted away. Cats were revealed, cats of all colors, shapes, and sizes. One stepped forward. A brown she-cat with bright green eyes.

"I'm Leafstar, founder of Leafclan. I was part of a long lost clan known as Thunderclan. They had a noble leader known as Firestar, and once He died, Bramblestar took his place. The clan erupted into chaos, and they split into two clans. One I led, Leafclan, the other was led by a cat named Stormstar. We watched as the other clans, Shadowclan, Windclan, and Riverclan, split also. We made our territories in different places, using the lake. But then a huge fire came, and went through half the forest. The clans that had been affected went to other clans. Then a terrible storm came. We took it as a sign from StarClan to leave. So we did. And we journeyed for four long moons, to get here, at these territories. We have had four leaders in Leafclan since my time. Myself, Oakstar, Darkstar, Windstar, and Jaggedstar. Now, we have one more. You. You will be the sixth leader of Leafclan, and you will either be the beginning of a new start, or the end of Leafclan and a few more. Why am I telling you all this? You ask." Leafstar paused. "Because you need to know, if you fail. You need to keep Leafclan's memory alive even if it dies. Does this make sense?"

"I believe so." Deathmoon replied hesitantly.

"You have a great destiny ahead, one that includes something worse than you can expect. But you must face it, for the good of all clans. Do you accept the responsibility of being the StarClan chosen?" Leafstar looked at her with all seriousness.

"Yes. I do."

Chapter Twenty-Six-

"I am Darkstar, as you know, I was once leader of Leafclan. I was Oakstar's loyal deputy, as you can guess. But one thing you don't know about me is we are related." Darkstar smiled at Deathmoon. She gaped at him. He had black fur, and white paws with brown eyes. "I was your mother's mother's father. My daughter ran away to Stormclan. But that isn't important now. I give you your first life, a life of understanding. Use it to guide your clanmates in the deepest of lies."

Deathmoon felt a strong force go through her. It wasn't painful, it was a correct feeling, like She could see through lies.

"Use it well." Darkstar swirled in the air before disappearing. A red she-cat with black tipped ears and tail and bright green eyes stepped forward.

"Greetings. My name is also Darkstar. I was leader of Stormclan after Stormstar died. I came to your mother and told her of her prophecy. Now, I have came here to give you a life. I give you a life of trust, because trust is what drives a clan. You need trust to live." Darkstar set her muzzle on Deathmoon's head. Deathmoon felt a bolt run through her, like She was the most trustworthy cat alive. Like her clan trusted her more than She deserved. Darkstar stepped back, unlike the other Darkstar. A white she-cat with a black nose and amber eyes stepped forward.

"I'm Skytail. I was your mother's mother." Skytail stood in front of Deathmoon. *She's beautiful.* Deathmoon thought. "I give you a life of motherly love, for the clan is your kit. Use it wisely, few actually experience motherly love."

She expected it to be sweet and gentle, But an unbearable pain ripped through her. She was left gasping, about to fall down. Skytail went back to where She came from. Deathmoon didn't notice the white tom with brown eyes pad up to her. She looked up, fear in her eyes.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you. My life is courage, use it in the upcoming battle." He leaned down to touch her, But She pulled away.

"First, what's your name?" Deathmoon asked. He laughed.

"I have No name." He purred. Deathmoon pulled away again.

"You need a name. How about Frostwhisker?" Deathmoon let him get close. He looked surprised.

"That's.....perfect. Thank you." He set his muzzle on her head. A bolt went through her. She felt as though She could fight off all of Lionclan. But He was right, it didn't hurt.

"Thank you, Frostwhisker." Deathmoon watched him leave. A sandy Tom with green eyes came up.

"Sandheart." Deathmoon breathed. Anger filled his eyes.

"You killed me." He hissed. "I died from wounds *you* inflicted. But, I can't do anything now."

"I'm sorr-" He cut her off.

"Save it. I don't forgive you, But I do give you this life. I give you a life of *mercy,* so you don't *kill* unless *needed.*" He spat. Guilt flooded through her, but He didn't wait. He touched her, and something indescribable burst into her. It didn't hurt, but didn't feel good. He was gone before she opened her eyes. A firey tom with green eyes stepped forward.

"I am Firestar. I believe you heard about me earlier. I was leader of Thunderclan. But, now I'm here to give you a life. A life of strength. Use it to have strength when everyone else has given up hope." He touched her. She felt the same feeling as courage, as though She was stronger than anyone else. A familiar multicolored pelt approached.

"Mother!" Deathmoon purred. Willowswipe stood in front of her.

"Hello my darling. I never thought any of my kits would be a leader.

You deserve this leadership. Don't say anything. We can talk later. With this life I give you hope for a future. It explains itself. Use it wisely." Willowswipe rest her muzzle on Deathmoon's head. Hope flared in Deathmoon. She felt as if everything would be okay. As if She could fix everything. Willowswipe left, and was replaced by a black tom.

"Hello, my Shadepaw." Nightstar didn't look happy.

"I'm Deathmoon. Not Shadepaw." Deathmoon growled. Nightstar flicked his tail.

"You'll always be Shadepaw to me. But, the past is the past. With this life I give you justice, Use it to find good or evil in someone." He quickly touched her. Justice went though her, but left quickly as He walked away. A familiar pelt came towards Deathmoon.

"Jaggedstar!" She wanted to run to him. "I-I'm sorry I left. I could've saved you. I let you down."

"You didn't let me down. Dragonfur was meant to live, as I was meant to die. I knew I would die. My time was near. But you kept Dragonfur alive. Thank you." He purred. "With this life, I give you leadership. Use it to guide your clan, and others, into the coming battle. Use it to choose a deputy and trust them."

A heavy weight pressed on Deathmoon, and She felt like She was being flattened. She forced herself to stay upright. Jaggedstar stayed in front of her.

"Deathstar. Deathstar. Deathstar! Deathstar! Deathstar!" Jaggedstar started the cheering. All of StarClan joined in slowly. Soon they were cheering loudly. Deathstar looked at StarClan. They looked proud. Some looked frightened. Suddenly, a shriek filled the air. Panic filled Deathstar as She turned around.

A big hill stood in front of her, looming. Blood spilled on it. The sky turned a deep red, and the grass was turning pink. Screeches filled the air, and Deathstar felt pelts brush against her as they fled for their lives. Bodies dropped from the sky, and fell with thuds. Horror filled Deathstar, and She tried to run. But something held her down.

She looked at her paws, and saw a body. A golden body stained with blood.

"Goldenstar." Deathstar snarled.

Chapter Twenty-Seven-

~Time Lapse of about 2 moons~

"Just push. Don't worry about what's outside." Freezeherb soothed. Deathstar screeched in pain as the first bundle slid out.

"Waterpaw, lick it clean. Lick it's fur the wrong way." Freezeherb instructed her apprentice. Waterpaw nodded and started licking the blue tom. He mewled weakly, and stumbled to Deathstar's stomach. Deathstar couldn't admire him before another wave of pain went though her.

"GET IT OUT OF ME!" She shrieked. Another kit slid out, a black tom.

"One more I think." Waterpaw placed a blue paw on Deathstar's stomach. Deathstar hissed, and Waterpaw recoiled. Deathstar yowled one final time as a blue she-cat with brown paws and a red stripe down her back slid out. Waterpaw licked the new she-cat, and nudged her to Deathstar.

"What're their names?" Freezeherb asked gently. Deathstar took a quick glance at them. She poked the she-cat with her paw and thought.

"I want the she-cat to be named.....Hollykit." Deathstar panted. Freezeherb dipped her head.

"The others?" She pressed.

"Let Dragonfur name the black tom. I want the other tom to be named Tigerkit." Deathstar felt her eyes close. Freezeherb looked at Waterpaw, who ran out of the nursery.

"I'll let you and Dragonfur be alone." Freezeherb backed out as Dragonfur padded in. He purred as He saw the kits.

"What're their names?" He whispered. He poked the nameless tom.

"This is Hollykit." Deathstar pointed at the she-cat. "And this is Tigerkit."

"What about him?" Dragonfur looked at the other tom.

"I want you to name him." Deathstar replied. Dragonfur looked thoughtful, then a happy look went across his face.

"Jaggedkit!" He smiled. Deathstar smiled at him. That was perfect.

"Perfect!" She purred. She twitched her tail at him. "Tell Sparkclaw to sort out the patrols."

"I'll take that as my queue to leave." He ducked out of the nursery. Deathstar looked back at her kits.

"You're all perfect." She whispered, and let herself fall asleep.

Goodnight!

Goodnight all! May StarClan walk in your dreams! Thank you all for 1.14 reads! I can't thank you enough! Goodnight!

Alex

Chapter Twenty-Eight-

Deathstar watched her kits run around the clearing, chasing a moss ball. Hollykit pounced on it, and flung it at Tigerkit. He dodged it, and it hit Shadefrost in the back, scattering all over his fur. He turned around, and lunged towards the kits. They squeaked and stumbled off.

"Help mom! A Stormclan warrior!" Jaggedkit wailed as He hid behind Deathstar. Tigerkit jumped on Shadefrost.

"I'll protect you, Jaggedkit!" Tigerkit yowled as He bit Shadefrost's ear. Shadefrost fell down dramatically. Dust flew up around them.

"Oh, great Leafclan warrior, you beat me!" Shadefrost meowed playfully. Hollykit pounced on his tail, claiming victory. Deathstar stood, and was about to go over to her kits when Dragonfur's patrol burst through the entrance. She turned to her kits.

"Go inside." Deathstar ordered, and Shadefrost rounded them up. They hurried inside. She turned back to Dragonfur. "What is it?"

"Stormclan attack. They're coming here. Now." Dragonfur panted. Deathstar leaped up onto the big rock.

"GATHER NOW!" Deathstar yowled. The clan rushed to see her, fear in their eyes. "Stormclan is coming! Tigerfang, take the elders to the nursery. Then come out to fight. Icebloom, stay inside the nursery with our kits. Stormclan is stronger than ever, and we must give it our all. Shadefrost, you take a patrol consisting of Dragonfur, Redfur, Sparkclaw, Coalclaw, and Goldpaw and be the second party. I will give the signal. I will take Heatherpaw, Brownfur, Whiteclaw, Stripefur, and Tigerfang. The rest stay back and protect camp! Let's go!"

Deathstar rushed down the big rock, and her patrol had already gathered. She twitched her tail at them, and darted out of camp.

She sniffed the air, and picked up Stormclan scent. She changed course, and headed towards the strong smell. Her party followed.

"Be quiet." Deathstar hissed. Her party dipped their heads as they slowed.

Whispers came from behind the bushes and trees they were at. The Stormclan cats' paws crunched twigs and leaves.

"Shut up, we don't want to be caught." A hiss came from the Stormclan cats. They came into view.

"Leafclan! Attack!" Deathstar screeched, and launched herself at the first cat She saw. Reedfur.

She bowled Reedfur over, and they rolled over in a mass of fur. Deathstar heard another battle cry, and saw Shadefrost's patrol enter the battle. Reedfur swiped at Deathstar's muzzle. Deathstar avoided it, and clawed her stomach. Reedfur yowled in pain.

"Why do you bother? You won't win!" Deathstar growled at Reedfur. Reedfur glared at her.

"We aren't the only Stormclan patrol, mousebrain." Reedfur spat. Deathstar slashed at Reedfur's shoulder, and connected. Reedfur fell to the ground, blood welling out of her shoulder. But She stood up, and lunged at Deathstar. Deathstar met her with a growl. They tumbled on the ground, but Deathstar pinned her.

"Leave Leafclan territory!" Deathstar snarled. Reedfur shot a worried glance at the Stormclan warriors.

"Let me go." Reedfur spat. Deathstar let her up. She darted to the Stormclan border, and paused, looking at her clanmates.

"Stormclan! Retreat!" Reedfur yowled. The Stormclan cats hesitated before streaming out of Leafclan territory.

"Reedfur!" Deathstar called. Reedfur stopped and turned around. "You chose the wrong side."

"I know." Reedfur had sadness in her eyes as She ran away.

Deathstar watched her go, then turned back to her clanmates.

"We won today, but a bigger battle is coming. Go to Waterpaw and Freezeherb for your injuries, we need to prepare." Deathstar watched her brave cats as they stood up. "Because tomorrow, we might have to fight for our lives. All of us. Now go, for I cannot have wounded warriors in my battle patrol, and I assure you when I say this; We will need battle patrols soon."

Chapter Twenty-Nine-

Deathstar watched her clan train from the big rock. They attacked each other swiftly, dodging attacks as well as inflicting them. Deathstar waited for Shadefrost to look at her, then She beckoned him with her tail.

"Get a few cats and take them to Cloudclan. Then I will take a patrol to Nightclan. I want to take Sparkclaw, Dragonfur, and Stripefur. You take Tigerfang, Coalclaw, and Redfur. Ask them if all three of our clans can train together. In fact, ask Darkstar if He would come to camp with you. Tell him He can bring a few warriors if He wants. Just please get him here." Deathstar looked at her chosen cats.

"Understood. Tigerfang! Coalclaw! Redfur! Come here!" Shadefrost yowled. The three cats immediately ran to Deathstar and Shadefrost.

"Yes Shadefrost?" Redfur asked.

"You three are coming with me to Cloudclan. We need to get Darkstar here." Shadefrost jumped down, and they followed.

"Sparkclaw! Dragonfur! Stripefur! Come here please!" Deathstar called. The three cats came to a halt in front of the big rock. Deathstar looked at them.

"You three are coming with me to Nightclan. We need to get Riverstar here. We need to go now. Grab a piece of prey, and hurry up." They all went and grabbed the smallest piece of prey they could find, gulped it down, and were out in the forest in a few moments.

"We need to wait for a patrol." Deathstar instructed. The patrol sat down on the edge of the Nightclan border, the edge of the little neutral circle in which all territories met. it didn't take long for a Nightclan patrol to show up. It consisted of Silverpaw, a small silver

she-cat with green eyes, Tallfur, a tall black tom with blue eyes, and Ivyfur, a gray she-cat with blue eyes. Tallfur spoke first.

"Greetings, Deathstar, what can we do for you?" Tallfur dipped his head. Deathstar stood, but signaled for her patrol to stay sitting.

"We need to speak to Riverstar. Please. We just need to talk about that prophecy." Deathstar said slowly. Tallfur thought a moment, then nodded.

"Follow us. Riverstar will be awaiting your arrival. Silverpaw, please go tell her." The she-cat nodded, and ran off. Deathstar signaled for her cats to stand. Tallfur twisted around and started towards a hill. Deathstar and her cats followed. Ivyfur walked close to Dragonfur, their pelts brushing. Deathstar felt anger rise up in her. She flicked her tail at Dragonfur, and He hurried up to her. She felt Ivyfur's hostile gaze on her back.

|Meanwhile, in Cloudclan|

Shadefrost looked at Darkstar.

"What do you need, Shadefrost?" Darkstar rasped. Shadefrost flicked his tail over his paws.

"Well, Deathstar was wondering if you could come to our territory for a while. You would bring some warriors, and you could hunt and eat like You're here. We need you to train with us." Shadefrost told him. He looked thoughtful.

"Why would I come to your territory when Deathstar isn't here herself? You could be lying." Darkstar looked out of his den.

"The reason Deathstar can't be here is because She is in Nightclan, trying to get Riverstar to come to our territory also. We promise we would provide shelter and prey to your warriors. We even have two large clearings that you could have your camp in, and Nightclan could be in the other." Shadefrost tried to sound reasonable. Darkstar closed his eyes.

"Could I bring my entire clan?" Darkstar asked. Shadefrost sighed.

"You can bring half. If you want to bring all, we would all three of our clans have to send hunting patrols to the other's territory. I mean, you could bring your whole clan, but you would have to send a patrol to hunt every day and night. It's up to you." Shadefrost thought it sounded reasonable.

"Then I agree. I will come train with your clan." Darkstar stood, and brushed past Shadefrost. Shadefrost sighed in relief. He stood, and followed.

"Let all members of Cloudclan gather beneath the leader's den for a clan meeting!" Darkstar called the clan. All the cats gathered.

"I have news. We will be going to Leafclan territory for a while." Darkstar watched the cats yowl and shriek with horror.

"What?!" A brown she-cat stood up and screeched.

"Duskleaf, calm down. It won't be forever." Shadefrost didn't hear Darkstar speak. Shadefrost was staring at Duskleaf. Her eyes blazed with fury. But She sat down.

"Shadefrost and his patrol will be taking us there. Nightclan will be joining us and Leafclan in our training. Hopefully." Darkstar muttered under his breath. "We leave now. Grab as much freshkill as you can carry, unless You're carrying a kit, and let's go."

Darkstar looked to Shadefrost.

"Lead the way. And thank you." Darkstar added in a whisper. Shadefrost nodded, and went over to the freshkill pile. Duskleaf was next to him. He quickly grabbed a large rabbit, and went to the camp entrance. The clan gathered behind him. Darkstar stood next to him, and He looked at Shadefrost. Shadefrost nodded, and plunged into the undergrowth.

Chapter Thirty-

Shadefrost set his piece of moss down under the branch. Cloudclan cats made their nests, creating a temporary camp.

"That's good." Darkstar nodded at the large warriors den. It had at least fifteen nests.

"Okay. I am going to go try set up the Nightclan camp. Can I have a warrior to help me?" Shadefrost asked. Darkstar glanced at his busy warriors.

"Duskleaf! Go help Shadefrost with the Nightclan camp!" Darkstar ordered. Duskleaf dipped her head, and padded over to Shadefrost. Shadefrost gulped. *Oh dear StarClan, am I falling for a Cloudclan cat?*

|Meanwhile, in Nightclan|

Deathstar sat in front of Riverstar.

"Why did you need to see me?" Riverstar asked.

"Well, as you know, the prophecy states that there is a 'Gold' and a 'Death'. You said you choose Death. So, I have had a message from StarClan about that." Deathstar shuffled her paws. Riverstar's ears perked up.

"Yes?"

"I'm the death. I know who the gold is, but I am not ready to tell anyone. So, to my question." Deathstar took a deep breath. "Would you like to come to my territory and train with us?"

"Us?" Riverstar echoed.

"Cloudclan will be joining us. I hope. You are welcome to bring some of your clan, and you will be staying in a large clearing we

have. Cloudclan has a separate clearing, so you shouldn't have to worry about them. You can hunt and make a camp, and you are welcome to check on the rest of your clan if you wish. But, if you want to bring your entire clan, you would have to send out a hunting party to your territory. Every day. And night. We will share our prey with you, and you can hunt in our territory. It's all up to you." Deathstar pleaded silently. Riverstar narrowed her eyes.

"I trust you, Deathstar. I trust your clan. I will join you." Riverstar purred. Deathstar sighed.

"Great." Deathstar stood, as did Riverstar. Riverstar pushed past Deathstar.

"Let all cats gather here for a clan meeting! ALL CATS!" Riverstar added. Cats stumbled out of their dens, looking at Riverstar and Deathstar with interest.

"We will be going to Leafclan territory for a while. No questions! We have to go now." Riverstar jumped down. "Grab a piece of prey unless You're gonna carry a kit, and let's move!"

Deathstar didn't bother grabbing a piece of prey, the clan could take care of it. Her patrol approached her.

"Thank StarClan they agreed." Dragonfur sighed. Deathstar purred in agreement. Within moments, the clan had gathered all they could, and were waiting at the camp entrance.

"Let's go!" Deathstar yowled, and they darted towards Leafclan territory.

Chapter Thirty-One-

Deathstar watched the clans settle in. Her own clan had made a way for her to see with camps from a tree above her den.

"PLEASE LET ALL CLAN MEMBERS FROM ALL CLANS GATHER BENEATH MY DEN FOR A CLAN MEETING!" Deathstar yowled as loud as possible. She saw some of the Nightclan cats and Cloudclan cats raise their heads. They started towards the Leafclan camp. Deathstar waited for all cats to be in her camp before She began. The camp was packed tightly.

"Welcome! As you know, I have gathered you here for training!" Deathstar glanced around the clans. Darkstar and Riverstar struggled up to sit behind her. "So, I would like the following warriors to create training parties! I would like one of your territories to be training space, if you wouldn't mind."

"You can Use Cloudclan territory." Darkstar chimed in.

"Thank you." Deathstar dipped her head. "Duskleaf, Shadefrost, and Tallfur, sort out two patrols. One of each clan that isn't your own. Teach them moves special to your respective clan, and then let them teach you. Make each party have three cats in each."

The three deputies gathered their parties, and Duskleaf led them towards her territory.

"Be back by dusk!" Deathstar called. Duskleaf flicked her tail to adknowledge the comment. Deathstar turned back to the remaining cats.

"Tigerfang, sort out a few hunting parties please, and Leafclaw, sort out one for Nightclan territory. Dragonfur, make a border patrol. Silverfur, sort out a border patrol for Cloudclan, and Thistleberry, make one for Nightclan. Sparkclaw, I want you to make guards for each camp, three each. Switching at dawn, sunhigh, dusk, and moonhigh. Darkstar and Riverstar, gather a few cats to strengthen

your camps. Queens, make a large nursery in Leafclan camp for you and your kits. Elders, make a large den for you. This is so if we get attacked, we can protect the queens, kits, and elders easier. Now, the rest of you, go rest. Everyone will need sleep with how much we will work. I will stay, and next battle party me and Darkstar will go while Riverstar stays, then I and Riverstar will go. Dismissed!" Deathstar leaped down from the big rock. Darkstar and Riverstar followed.

"You are good at giving orders." Riverstar commented. Deathstar felt her ears get hot.

"Thank you." Deathstar purred. Riverstar walked towards the Nightclan camp. Darkstar said nothing, and headed to the Cloudclan camp. Deathstar watched everyone sort everything out. *Yes, this will work perfectly.* She smiled to herself.

Chapter Thirty-Two-

~Time Lapse of 3 moons~

Something felt different to Deathstar today. She felt threatened.

"LET ALL CATS FROM ALL CLANS GATHER IN LEAFCLAN CAMP FOR A CLAN MEETING!" Deathstar called the morning meeting, and watched as the tired cats stumbled out of their dens. They slowly made their way over to the Leafclan camp. Darkstar and Riverstar were the only ones who moved quickly. They hissed at any cat that crossed them, and those cats moved faster.

"Can we begin?" Deathstar asked the clans.

"My clan is here." Riverstar announced.

"As is mine." Darkstar added. Deathstar swept her gaze over the cats.

"Then we shall begin." Deathstar started. "First, no training parties today. No hunting parties. No border patrols. Something's different. I don't trust Stormclan today. So, I've decided something huge."

"What is it?" A cat asked when Deathstar didn't continue.

"We're going to attack Stormclan before they attack us." Deathstar waited for yowls of outrage, but they didn't come. She looked back at Darkstar and Riverstar. Darkstar nodded, and Riverstar looked at her, eyes shining with admiration. Deathstar turned back to the clans. "I have thought about it, and I know how I want it to work. I will lead a patrol consisting of, Tigerfang and Dragonfur from Leafclan, Leafclaw and Ivyfur from Nightclan, and Waterclaw and Frostberry from Cloudclan. Darkstar will take Stripefur and Angelclaw from Leafclan, Redclaw and Silverstrike from Cloudclan, and Fernwhisker and Tigerear from Nightclan. Riverstar will take Heatherpaw and Lightwhisker from Leafclan, Darkclaw and Whitewing from Cloudclan, and Silverclaw and Mousefang from

Nightclan. The deputies will have parties of three besides themselves. Shadefrost, you will take Redfur from Leafclan, Moonclaw from Cloudclan, and Goldfrost from Nightclan. Duskleaf, you will take Swiftwing from Leafclan, Amberclaw from Cloudclan, and Echoslice from Nightclan. Tallfur, you will take Coalclaw from Leafclan, Yellowfur from Cloudclan, and Jaggedfrost from Nightclan. The rest of you will stay and protect the elders, queens and kits. We need to leave soon. Leaders of the patrols, come to my den."

The leaders immediately approached Deathstar's den, and squeezed inside. Deathstar sat in her nest, and looked at the leaders.

"Okay, this is how it's going to go....."

Haiii!

Hey guys! I was wondering if I were to not get the Christmas present up *on Christmas,* would you guys care? Cuz, I have an idea for it, and with the way I write, it would be done by tonight. Please tell me what you think.

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Alex

Chapter Thirty-Two.Five-

Deathstar and her patrol snaked through Stormclan territory. Memories of sneaking out as a kit came back to her as She hurried through the forest. Darkstar's pelt flashed in the green of the forest. She glanced back at her patrol. They looked at her, waiting. She turned back towards their destination, and started to run.

They approached the Stormclan camp. Voices came from the camp. Deathstar looked for Darkstar and Riverstar. She found them. Riverstar was on the other side of the camp, and Darkstar was across from Riverstar. They both looked at her. She nodded.

"DEATH ATTACK!" Deathstar yowled as loud as possible. It echoed around the camp. Deathstar hurtled out of the bushes, screeching. Her patrol followed.

Something struck Deathstar. These cats. They weren't just Stormclan. The were Snowclan too.

Merry Christmas!

Jingle bells-
Jingle bells,
Tigerstar smells,
Firestar all the way,
The dark forest lost being real,
And the StarClan drove them away.

Holy night-
holy night,
Staaaarpelt is bright,
Aaaal is right,
All is right.
Fare in perilous fights,
Sleep in StarClan like peace,
Sleep in StarClan like peace.

Okay, I know it was only two songs, and let's be honest, they sucked. But, I can't buy you all a pony named Fred, so.....yeah. I did work on these for a while though. I was just trying to find a creative way for Christmas to be warrior themed. But yeah, I know it sucks. But since it's Christmas, I ask you lie to me and say that this was 'THE BEST FREAKING PARODIES EVER!' Lol. I hope you have a great Christmas, and that you get everything on your list. Btw, Fred says 'Hay'. (Get it? Cuz he's a pony? HA!) XD. Bye guys! Merry Christmas!

Alex

Chapter Thirty-Three-

= [Dedicated to Hollypaw, for being amazing. Thank you for all teh votes, and I was like: WHAT IN STARCLAN'S NAME? when I saw I had like 5 notifications from you voting. XD] =

Deathstar streaked across the camp, dodging fighting cats that flung themselves at her.

She leaped up to the leader den, and stepped inside.

Goldenstar was waiting, tail curled over her paws, nest all tidy.

"Welcome." Goldenstar stood up. Deathstar let out a low rumble.

"You'll pay for killing Willowswipe." Deathstar growled. Goldenstar laughed. Screeches of battle drowned it out.

"That fleabag deserved it. She stole Nightstar from me. So, I killed her. Oh, and I killed him too. I even killed Flamedove because He took a mate from Snowclan. And their blood drenched my paws." Goldenstar paused. "Blood is everything, don't you think?"

"Oh Yes. But the only blood I'm interested in flows from my enemies." Deathstar snarled. Goldenstar thrust her muzzle into Deathstar's face.

"Follow me if you want to avenge them all. Follow me to the waterfall if you want to try and defeat me. Followed me if you want to watch your clanmates die." Goldenstar spat. Deathstar felt anger boil inside her as Goldenstar pushed her aside.

"To the waterfall!" Goldenstar shrieked. The Stormclan and Snowclan cats rushed to get to the waterfall. Deathstar padded outside just as the victory cheers started.

"Do not celebrate! We have not won! We must go to the waterfall and defeat them!" Deathstar yowled. The clans looked at her in surprise.

"But we won!" Tigerfang growled. Deathstar looked at him.

"Goldenstar wants a bigger battlefield. We must go and finish them!" Deathstar replied. They started to agree. She leaped down, and led the clans slowly towards the waterfall, where they would face the biggest monster they have met.

Authors Note-

Sorry it's not an update, I can't write *that* fast! But I was wondering something.....

Would you like me to.....

A) Write more on Twiststar's Path
B) Write more on Dawnkit's Journey
C) Write more on here
D) Focus more on Twiststar's Path & Dawnkit's Journey rather than this
E) Just write more and stop wasting your time on stupid questions like these instead of writing more of I don't care which!

Thank-you for your feedback!!!!!

It's greatly appreciated!!!!

Alex

Chapter Thirty-Four-

Deathstar bounded through the forest, the clans hard on her paws. They approached the waterfall fast.

"Attack!" Deathstar let out her call, and the clans exploded into the clearing. Her cats immediately leaped onto the Stormclan and Snowclan cats. They met her with snarls, slashing at them. Deathstar dodged a swipe at her side, and pelted towards Goldenstar.

Goldenstar was sitting on the top of the waterfall, paws and fur glistening from the water. Deathstar scrambled up the slippery rocks, and found herself in front of Goldenstar.

"Goldenstar." Deathstar snarled. Goldenstar stood.

"Hello." Goldenstar flicked her tail. Deathstar watched her.

"I'm here. And You're not leaving." Deathstar let her claws slide out.

"We'll see." Goldenstar hissed. Deathstar didn't wait for Goldenstar to talk anymore. Deathstar launched herself at Goldenstar, and barreled her over. She slashed at Goldenstar, and ripped her shoulder open. Goldenstar let out a screech of pain as Deathstar bit into her ear. Goldenstar threw Deathstar off, and leaped up. Deathstar slammed into a rock, and stars swam in her vision. She stumbled up, legs shaky.

"You're nothing more than a half trained apprentice!" Goldenstar snarled.

"Well, even That's better than being you!" Deathstar spat back. Goldenstar hissed, and lunged at Deathstar. She sidestepped quickly, but her side was clawed. Only a little blood dripped. She whirled around to face Goldenstar, and her muzzle was sliced. Blood drops hit her eyes, and She tried to blink them away.

"I've been training, Deathstar. Your mother and father were just practice. And now, I'm going to kill you." Goldenstar laughed before charging at Deathstar. Claws slashed Deathstar's throat, and black waves crashed over her.

She awoke in a misty clearing, perfect trees around her in a circle.

"Welcome. You have lost a life." A cat appeared in front of her. *Skytail.* A voice told her.

"Let me go back!" Deathstar command. Skytail laughed.

"You need time to heal. Just a moment." Silence filled the entire forest. Deathstar felt herself slip from StarClan. "StarClan will fight for you."

Deathstar came back to the battle, weak. Goldenstar towered over her, a smug expression on her face. Deathstar lurched upwards, and pinned Goldenstar. Pelts brushed against her, and stars seemed to walk. Deathstar quickly slashed at Goldenstar's stomach, successfully shredding it. Goldenstar's eyes grew dull, and her body went limp. But Deathstar didn't stop there. She clawed at Goldenstar. Blood welled out of her, seeping into the ground. Her eyes flickered, and She was back in moments. But her eyes grew dull once again. It happened once again before she stayed awake. Her eyes gleamed with fury.

"You took away three of my lives! I will kill you before you take my last one!" Goldenstar snapped. Deathstar felt satisfaction flow through her. Goldenstar surged forward, and they turned, facing each other. Deathstar lashed her tail, and circled Goldenstar. Deathstar pounced.

They rolled over the edge, landing with a thud. Cats struggled to get out of the way as they wrestled on the ground, hissing, snarling, and biting. Deathstar swept Goldenstar's legs out from under her, and she fell, hard. Deathstar bowled her over, and pinned her.

Deathstar bared her teeth, and growled.

"Your time is over." Deathstar snarled. Fear flashed in Goldenstar's

eyes for a moment, but left as quickly as it came. Deathstar bit into her throat, gagging on the blood that filled her mouth. Goldenstar struggled, ripping her throat open further. Deathstar twisted her head, and Goldenstar stopped moving. Deathstar stood up, and backed away from Goldenstar's lifeless body. Gasps from the Stormclan and Snowclan cats filled the air. Yowls of victory came from the Nightclan, Leafclan, and Cloudclan cats as they pursued the retreating defeated cats. Deathstar stood in front of her cats.

"We have won!" Deathstar yowled. Cheers erupted from the cats. Deathstar felt pride run through her as she swept her gaze around her cats. *Yes. We have won.*

Chapter Thirty-Five- The End

~Time Lapse of about 13 moons~

~Overview~
The three clans that fought together merged, creating a large, new clan named MoonClan. They took over all three territories, with Deathstar as the leader, and trusted each other more than ever. Something else happened, but you'll have to read to find out.

"Hollymist! Jaggedlight! Tigermoon!" The clan cheered the new warrior's names. Pride filled Deathstar from ears to tail tip.

"One more meaning of business!" Deathstar called once the cheers died down. "Duskleaf! Send your kits up!"

Duskleaf dipped her head, and sent four kits up. They trembled. Deathstar purred at how much they resembled their father. Her best friend. She glanced at her stomach, noticing the swell of promising kits.

"Moonkit, until you earn your warrior name, you will be known as Moonpaw. Dragonfur, you will mentor her. Deathkit, until you earn your warrior name, you will be known as Deathpaw. I will be your mentor, as Heatherbloom is a warrior. Honeykit, until you earn your warrior name, you will be known as Honeypaw. Heatherbloom will be your mentor. Shadekit, until you earn your warrior name, you will be known as Shadepaw. Shadefrost, your father, will be your mentor." Deathstar went through the new apprentices quickly, ending the ceremony. "Clan dismissed."

MoonClan separated, going to their duties. Deathstar looked among her clan. They trusted her, listened to her, accepted her. Icebloom had tried to kill her, but she had been driven out. She had fulfilled her prophecy. Now her life could start. She smiled at herself. Yes, now her life could be normal.

THE END.

~•~

Hey! I am *sooooooooo* proud of this book! I loved making it, and I loved interacting with my fans! Now, sadly, this epic story must come to an end, like all great things. :(

But, I hope it will continue to thrive, even though it's completed. Thank you for all your support, and I love you all.

Thank you,

Alex

Announcement-

Why, Hello there! I already have a plan for the next book, and it will **probably be the last one of the series.** But, I dunno. At this point, I know about as much as you do to how many books there will be. So, mainly:

I know what the next book will be.

It will still be in this series book.

I don't know if there'll be one after the next book.

Aaaaaaand, That's it. XD. Expect something special.

Alex

Alliances-

-[Since this is a new book, (and I forget names easily) I will put an alliance in here.]-

Stormclan -
Leader -

Bonestar - Large tom with gray ears and white eyes

Deputy -

Reedfur - Blue she-cat with black ears and green eyes

Medicine Cat -

Echoheb - Very old gray and brown she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice -

Leafwhisker - Brown she-cat with golden paws and golden eyes

Warriors -

Lightfur - Light tan she-cat with blue eyes

Icewhisker - White she-cat with brown eyes

Breezeberry - Black tom with dark brown eyes

Sandheart - Sandy tom with green eyes

Heatherlash - Gray she-cat with brown eyes

Nightshade - Black she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice - Coalpaw

Queens & Their Kits -

Elders -

Apprentices -

Coalpaw - Black tom with golden eyes

Snowclan -
Leader -

Icestar - White she-cat with blue eyes (not blind)

Deputy -

Snowstep - White tom with brown eyes

Medicine Cat -

Petalherb - Silver she-cat with blue eyes

Warriors -

Blackfrost - Black and white tom with green eyes

Sandfeather - Sandy she-cat with bright green eyes

Echostep - Brown and silver she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice - Featherpaw

Silverfeather - Silvery she-cat with brown eyes

Thistleice - Brown and white tom with cold, blue eyes

Queens & Their Kits -

Elders -

Apprentices -

Featherpaw - Light gray she-cat with a black streak on her back and blue eyes

Moonclan -

Main Leader -

Deathstar - Black she-cat with golden eyes

Apprentice - Deathpaw

Other Leaders -

Riverstar - Blue she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice - Frostpaw

Darkstar - Deep brown tom with gray muzzle and brown eyes

Deputies -

Shadefrost - Black tom with gray ears and golden eyes

Duskleaf - Brown she-cat with green eyes

Tallfur - Tall black tom with blue eyes

Medicine Cats -

Freezeherb - White and blue she-cat with brown eyes

Doveclaw - White she-cat with golden/brown eyes

Apprentice - Fallenleaf - Brown tom with green eyes

Adderleaf - Gray she-cat with blue eyes

Warriors -
- [Oh dear StarClan, help me remember all the names! For the original warriors in Leafclan, I will not put in descriptions, sorry.] -

Heatherbloom -

Apprentice - Honeypaw

Goldriver -

Sparkclaw -

Coalclaw -

Dragonfur -

Apprentice - Moonpaw

Icefur -

Icebloom -

Tigerfang -

Amberfur - Golden she-cat with blue eyes

Lightmoon - Tan she-cat with light blue eyes

Tigermoon -

Hollymist -

Jaggedlight -

Foxtooth - Fox like tom with brown eyes

Mouseberry - Light brown she-cat with dark green eyes

Ivyfur - Gray she-cat with blue eyes

Silverheart - Silver she-cat with green eyes

Sweetclaw - Black she-cat with dark amber eyes

Stripefur -

Redfur -

Darkwater - Black tom with deep blue eyes

Whitefern - White she-cat with brown eyes

Queens & Their Kits -

Spottedfrost - White she-cat with black and blue spots and green eyes

Kits - Flamekit - Firey she-cat with blue eyes, Waterkit - Blue she-cat with green eyes

Apprentices -

Deathpaw - Black tom with bright blue eyes

Frostpaw - White and blue she-cat with blue eyes

Honeypaw - Honey colored she-cat with green eyes

Moonpaw - Silvery she-cat with brown eyes

Elders -

Silverblood -

Tinyfur - White tom with blue eyes {Blind}

Cats Outside Clans - {The Dusks}

Leader -

Blood - Blood red tom with sharp claws and green eyes

Deputy -

Ice - White she-cat with long claws and brown eyes

Claws - {Warriors}

Main Claw -

Viper - Silver tom with black spots and green eyes

Claws -

Clear - White tom with brown eyes

River - Blue she-cat with gray eyes

Jade - Dark brown she-cat with green eyes

Crow - Black tom with dark brown, almost black, eyes

Spider - Long legged brown tom with amber eyes

Ace - Gray tom with green eyes

Fern - Blue she-cat with green eyes

Father - {Male breeder of the group, father to all kits}

Sharp - Black, strong tom, strongest in group, green eyes. Most attractive male in group

Mother(s) - {Female breeder(s) of the group, mother(s) to all kits}

Glitter - Silver she-cat with golden eyes. Most attractive she-cat in group

Dusk - Brown she-cat with green eyes, strongest she-cat in group

Spies - {Seek out prey for Claws to hunt}

Shadow - Small, black tom with dark blue eyes

Midnight - Black she-cat with gray eyes

Dark - Dark brown tom with dark green eyes

Expanders - {Find new territory to take over}

Ocean - Blue she-cat with green eyes

Wing - Gray tom with blue eyes

Opal - White/silver she-cat with sparkly gray eyes

-{Note: All cats are expected to fight if needed. Even mothers.}-

Prologue -

Cold air whipped past the small she-cat. She mewled for help, from anyone. But no one came. Her legs ached from walking, she had passed a marker of sorts a while ago. Her pelt was lashed from the thorns in bushes. Hunger threatened to take over her. Tiredness was already setting in deep in her.

She pulled herself over to a bush, and struggled to get under it. Her paws covered her head, and she shivered. Her eyes drooped shut, and the hunger and sleep took over.

Chapter One-

Fire watched the cats run around, stealing food from one another. They snatched the mouse one was eating, finished it, then the bone was stolen. A large black tom with dark blue eyes approached Fire. She tried to shrink down. His lip curled.

"Eat. Eat before anyone takes it." He growled. Fire nodded once, and took a cautious bite. He sat down.

"Listen, Fire. You've been here for a few days. If you don't get to battle training, you'll be exiled. I am not your father, and that explains why you're weak. You might be put at a Mother if you don't strengthen up. Blood might even kill you. Just eat and fight. That's it. And you'll be perfect here. So, eat up, and I will tell Blood you're going to start training. Special style." He added, pity lacing his meow. Fire wondered Why He pitied her. She shook it off. Her stomach rumbled, and she tore off another piece of the mouse. When she looked up again, He was gone. She took another bite, and watched the cats fight over the scraps viciously. A sigh escaped her. *Will I ever belong?* She mewled to herself.

Chapter Two-

~The day after we left off~

"Fire has decided to start training!" Blood yowled. The group didn't reply. Fire felt embarrassment run through her. Blood ignored the silence. "She will be mentored by me. No objections. I need to speak with my main claw, my senior claws, and my deputy. Immediately."

The group separate. Fire stayed where she was. After all, she didn't know what to do.

•Blood•

"She's weak. She won't make it." Blood snarled. Viper nodded.

"She will bring the group down." Viper hissed. Ice turned to Viper.

"She won't do good for the group even as a Mother. We can't afford to have another mouth to feel that is a weakling. We fight over food anyways." Ice looked at the senior claws. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes Ice." They replied in unison. Ice grinned evilly.

"She needs to be exiled." Ice continued.

"And how do you propose that?" Blood sneered. Ice already knew.

"Take her out into the forest. Tell her it's training. Ask her if she know what exile is. Then leave her. Make sure it's in a deep part of unexplored territory." Ice stood. "Do it ASAP."

"Good idea, Ice." Blood purred. "You'll make a fine leader."

"I learn from the best." She growled. She flicked her tail, and the senior claws left. Viper stayed.

"I'll tell her to get ready to go." Viper snaked out of the den, and headed towards where Fire was sitting. Blood followed slowly, and

Ice slipped away. Blood stalked towards Viper and Fire. Fire stood.

"Let's go." Blood commanded, and headed to the entrance. Fire followed obediently. Blood felt a small stab of regret as He led her away.

Chapter Three-

Fire bounced happily besides Blood. He walked slowly, allowing her to walk beside him.

"What're we gonna learn first?" Fire chirped as they exited the territory. She was unaware they crossed though. Blood looked down at her.

"Something that doesn't happen very often." He replied after a long stretch of silence. Excitement whirled in Fire's mind. *A killing blow? A tree leap?* Fire wanted to burst with questions. They kept walking for a long time. Fire's paws ached when they stopped.

"Are we there yet? I'm hungry." Fire complained. Blood shut her up with a glare.

"Do you know what 'exile' is?" He asked. Fire shook her head.

"Never heard of it. It sounds fun though!" Fire sat down, tail twitching.

"Yes. It's very fun. You get to explore, hunt, and find new places. In fact. I, Blood, exile you from the Dusks, never to return. If you are found, EVER, the group has permission to kill you." Blood snarled. Dread filled Fire, and her eyes widened.

"I don't understand." Fire stuttered. Blood's lip curled. His eyes gleamed.

"You're exiled. Banished. Gone. Never to return. Now leave. I hear prey is especially rare this time of year." Blood turned around, and stalked off. "Oh, and don't get any ideas about following me. I *will* kill you."

New!

= [So, guys, I have to apologize. I was going through my chapters, ya know, makin sure everythin was in it's place, and BOOM. I read the battle chapters from the last book. ALL THE FREAKIN CATS I SPENT SO LONG FIGURING THEIR NAMES OUT, I DIDN'T PUT IN THE NEW ALLIANCES. Total brain fart, right? Well, I came up with a solution. I will be posting a NEW ALLIANCE NEXT CHAPTER, and I PROMISE IT WILL INCLUDE ALL OF THE CATS I MENTIONED. I PROMISE! So, for me to remember, I will write them ALL down, and THEN I will put them in here. Sorry this isn't a real update, I've been trying really hard on the new chapter, but when I revise it, I find something wrong. I am 99% sure I will have it up by next week. School started this week, so, yeah. I can't spend all day working on it like I would like. Well. As I said. I am deeply sorry for my mistake. It was unprofessional, unlike me, and frankly, plain idiotic of me.

Alex] =

New Alliances-

MoonClan -
Main Leader -

Deathstar - Black she-cat with golden eyes

{Apprentice - Deathpaw}
Leaders -

Riverstar - Blue she-cat with green eyes

{Apprentice - Frostpaw}

Darkstar - Deep brown tom with gray muzzle and brown eyes
Medicine Cats -

Freezeherb - White and blue she-cat with brown eyes

Doveclaw - White she-cat with blue eyes

{Apprentice - Fallenleaf - Brown tom with green eyes}

Adderleaf - Gray she-cat with blue eyes
Warriors -

Heatherbloom - Gray she-cat witch blue eyes

{Apprentice - Honeypaw}

Goldriver - Gold she-cat with blue eyes

Sparkclaw - Red and brown tom with brown eyes

Coalclaw - Black tom with green eyes

Dragonfur - Blue and black tom with blue eyes

{Apprentice - Moonpaw}

Icefur - White tom with golden eyes

Icebloom - White she-cat with brown eyes

Tigerfang - Tiger like tom with green eyes

Amberfur - Golden she-cat with blue eyes

Lightmoon - Tan she-cat with light blue eyes

Tigermoon - Blue tom with green eyes

Hollymist - Blue she-cat with brown paws and blue eyes

Jaggedlight - Black tom with blue eyes

Foxtooth - Fox like tom with brown eyes

Mouseberry - Light brown she-cat with dark green eyes

Ivyfur - Gray she-cat with blue eyes

Silverheart - Silver she-cat with green eyes

Sweetclaw - Black she-cat with dark amber eyes

Stripefur - Gray tom with blue eyes

Redfur - Red tom with brown paws and brown eyes

Darkwater - Black tom with deep blue eyes

Whitefern - White she-cat with brown eyes

Leafclaw - Brown she-cat with green eyes

Waterclaw - Blue tom with brown eyes

Frostberry - White she-cat with blue eyes [Not blind or deaf]

{Apprentice - Icepaw}

Angelclaw - Firey and white she-cat with green eyes

Redclaw - Red and black tom with golden eyes

Silverstrike - Silver she-cat with red paws and blue eyes

Fernwhisker - Brown and white she-cat with green eyes

Tigerear - Tiger like tom with brown eyes

Lightwhisker - Cream she-cat with black whiskers and brown eyes

Darkclaw - Black she-cat with gray eyes

Whitewing - White tom with golden eyes

Silverclaw - Silver tom with white paws and green eyes

Mousefang - Brown tom with Blue eyes

Moonclaw - Silvery she-cat with brown paws and ears and green eyes

Goldfrost - Golden she-cat with gray eyes

Swiftwing - Gray tom with brown eyes

{Apprentice - Ravenpaw}

Amberclaw - Amber colored she-cat with amber eyes

Yellowfur - Gray with yellow tint she-cat with blue eyes

Jaggedfrost - Red and white tom with blue eyes
Queens & Their Kits -

Spottedfrost - White she-cat with black and blue spots and green eyes

{Kits - Flamekit - Firey she-cat with blue eyes, and Waterkit - Blue she-cat with green eyes}
Apprentices -

Deathpaw - Black tom with bright blue eyes

Frostpaw - White and blue she-cat with blue eyes

Honeypaw - Honey colored she-cat with green eyes

Icepaw - White tom with brown eyes

Ravenpaw - Black she-cat with dark brown eyes
Elders -

Silverblood - Silver she-cat with green eyes

Tinyfur - White tom with blue eyes {Blind}

~•~
SnowClan
~•~
Leader -

Icestar - White she-cat with blue eyes {Not blind or deaf}
Deputy -

Snowstep - White tom with brown eyes
Medicine Cat -

Petalherb - Silver she-cat with blue eyes
Warriors -

Blackfrost - Black and white tom with green eyes

Sandfeather - Sandy she-cat with bright green eyes

Echostep - Brown and Silver she-cat with blue eyes

{Apprentice - Featherpaw}

Silverfeather - Silvery she-cat with brown eyes

Thistleice - Brown and white tom with cold, blue eyes
Apprentices -

Featherpaw - Light gray she-cat with black streak on her back and blue eyes

~•~
StormClan
~•~
Leader -

Bonestar - Large gray tom with white paws and gray eyes
Deputy -

Reedfur - Blue she-cat with black ears and green eyes
Medicine Cat -

Echoherb - Very old gray and brown she-cat with green eyes

{Apprentice - Leafwhisker - Brown she-cat with golden paws and golden eyes}
Warriors -

Lightfur - Light tan she-cat with blue eyes

Icewhisker - White she-cat with brown eyes

Breezeberry - Black tom with dark brown eyes

Sandheart - Sandy tom with green eyes

Heatherlash - Gray she-cat with brown eyes

Nightshade - Black she-cat with blue eyes

{Apprentice - Coalpaw}
Apprentices -

Coalpaw - Black tom with golden eyes

~•~
Cats Outside Clans - {The Dusks}

~•~
Leader -

Blood - Blood red tom with sharp claws and green eyes

Deputy -

Ice - White she-cat with long claws and brown eyes

Claws - {Warriors}

Main Claw -

Viper - Silver tom with black spots and green eyes

Claws -

Clear - White tom with brown eyes

River - Blue she-cat with gray eyes

Jade - Dark brown she-cat with green eyes

Crow - Black tom with dark brown, almost black, eyes

Spider - Long legged brown tom with amber eyes

Ace - Gray tom with green eyes

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Father - {Male breeder of the group, father to all kits}

Sharp - Black, strong tom, strongest in group, green eyes. Most attractive male in group

Mother(s) - {Female breeder(s) of the group, mother(s) to all kits}

Glitter - Silver she-cat with golden eyes. Most attractive she-cat in group

Dusk - Brown she-cat with green eyes, strongest she-cat in group

Spies - {Seek out prey for Claws to hunt}

Shadow - Small, black tom with dark blue eyes

Midnight - Black she-cat with gray eyes

Dark - Dark brown tom with dark green eyes

Expanders - {Find new territory to take over}

Ocean - Blue she-cat with green eyes

Wing - Gray tom with blue eyes

Opal - White/silver she-cat with sparkly gray eyes

-{Note: All cats are expected to fight if needed. Even mothers.}-

GAAAAAAH!!!

I'm an idiot. I FORGOT THE DUSKS! GAAAAAAAAAAAH! *FACEPALM*

OKAY. SINCE THE OLD ALLIANCE HAS THEM, SHOULD I PUT A NEW, NEW ALLIANCE, OR JUST FORGET ABOUT THEM???? GAH!

Chapter Four-

Fire gaped at Blood as he disappeared into the undergrowth. Fear rippled through her pelt, mixed with disbelief. She glanced around, trembling. The trees loomed over her head, blotting out most of the sunlight. Cheery chirps from the birds filled the air, frightening Fire even more.

"What did I do wrong?" Fire whispered. She stumbled towards a bush, opposite from the one Blood had disappeared from. Her mind raced as she padded slowly through the thinning forest. *Am I too weak?* She cried in her mind. *I'm always left alone.*

~Time Lapse of....3 Days~

Fire looked at the moon through the glowing tree she had made her home. The moon hung lazily in the sky, half bright. Stars dotted the sky, shining like glittering claws. A rustle came from the edge of the clearing. Fire whipped her head around, and faced the noise.

"-feather is expecting kits!" A voice said excitedly. The bushes rustled more, and a silver she-cat stepped out from them. Her blue eyes sparkled from the light on the tree. Six cats followed her. A white and blue she-cat with brown eyes, a white she-cat with golden eyes, a brown tom with green eyes, a gray she-cat with blue eyes, a gray and brown she-cat with green eyes, and a brown she-cat with golden paws and golden eyes. They were purring and talking to each other, none noticed the orange pelt among the glowing tree. Fire was on the lowest branch, tail dangling over the edge, keeping low to the branch. The tom looked up, straight at her. His green eyes bore into her.

"Look." He meowed, and angled his ears at her. The other cats all fell silent, and turned to look at her. She stared down at them with wide, frightened eyes. The white she-cat with golden eyes stepped forward.

"Hello, little one. I am Doveclaw. What is your name?" She asked

quietly. Fire gulped, and pulled herself up.

"I'm Fire. A Dusk." Fire squeaked. The she-cat flicked her ear in surprise.

"A Dusk?" She echoed. Fire jumped down, and landed on her paws with a thump.

"A vicious group that kills anyone and everyone." Fire replied. The cats immediately dropped into a crouch, ears pulled back, claws out. Fire shrank down. The friendly she-cat stayed standing up straight.

"Get up you idiots." She hissed at the other cats. They didn't move. "I said get up!"

They hesitated before standing slowly. Doveclaw turned back to Fire, whiskers twitching. "Adderleaf will take you to our camp."

"What? No!" The gray she-cat with blue eyes shrieked. "I'm not taking a stranger to our camp!"

"Oh Yes you will, of I swear I will claw your ears off." Doveclaw snarled. Adderleaf shot a glare at Doveclaw, and whirled around.

"Come on, Fire. Let's go." She spat. Fire stood slowly, and flinched when Adderleaf whisked back around.

"Hurry up you worthless piece of dung!" Adderleaf snapped. Fire scrambled to get over to her.

"Don't talk to her like that." The tom hissed. Adderleaf swiped at him with sheathed claws.

"Just share tongues with your ancestors. You know. The job ALL medicine cats do. But no. I'M not allowed to. I have to go take this stupid kit to camp." Adderleaf snarled bitterly, and stormed away. Fire risked a glance back, and saw pity in their eyes.

"Come on!" Adderleaf commanded, and Fire darted away. *What was in her nest this morning?* Fire growled inwardly.

Chapter Five-

Fire padded alongside Adderleaf, making sure she kept some distance between them. Fire had accidentally stepped on Adderleaf's paw, and almost got bit. They had been walking for what seemed like moons before a strong scent washed over them. Fire staggered from the how strong it was.

"Come on. It's just a scent marker." Adderleaf sighed. Fire cringed as she padded over the border. "Did you Dusks not have borders?"

"We did," Fire groaned. "But they smelled better than this."

"Get used to it. You're on MoonClan territory now." Adderleaf glanced around, ears perked. "There are two parts to MoonClan territory. The original territory, which started as LeafClan, and then the part we're in. The once CloudClan and NightClan. It's all the same clan now, but we still have different parts."

"And You're telling me this why?" Fire asked under her breath, not meaning for Adderleaf to hear. Adderleaf smacked Fire on the head with her tail. Fire stumbled from the force.

"I'm telling you so when we get to camp, you can keep yourself from looking like an idiot. Excuse me for being helpful." Adderleaf hissed, and plunged into the trees. Fire scrambled to catch up.

Fire's paws ached when they finally came to another scent marker. It smelled just like the first one, mixed with a different smell that was even worse than the first.

"Goodness this stinks!" Fire complained as they curved around it. They walked in silence until they came to another marker like the first, and Adderleaf crossed without hesitation. Fire followed more slowly.

"This is MoonClan's main territory. It is where our camp is, along with our main hunting grounds." Adderleaf explained. Fire nodded,

and walked next to Adderleaf.

Fire kept her ears perked, and her eyes sharp, looking for trouble. Her and Adderleaf's paws crunched on the dead leaves that littered the forest floor.

A sharp cracking noise came from a bush. Adderleaf and Fire froze. The bushes rattled, and a small brown creature ran out, right into Adderleaf's outstretched claws. The mouse let out one squeak, they fell limp. Adderleaf threw the mouse at Fire, who leaped up to catch it. Fire glanced at Adderleaf, a confused look in her eyes.

"Eat it. You look like you need it." Adderleaf sat down, and curled her tail over her paws. Fire dipped her head in thanks, and devoured the mouse in a few large bites. When she was done, she stood back up, and headed towards Adderleaf. Adderleaf stood and stretched, then started to walk stiffly.

"Our clan is very big." Adderleaf warned. Fire thought about the size. *How big? 10 cats? 15 cats?*

"Don't be frightened of any of our cats. Deathstar will talk to you with Darkstar and Riverstar. Shadefrost, Tallfur, and Duskleaf might come too." Adderleaf stopped Fire in front of a hole that was surrounded by brambles. Fire stared at Adderleaf. "Ignore anything you hear from the gossiping cats. They will gossip about anything." Adderleaf advised. Fire twitched her tail.

"Okay." Fire dug her claws into the earth, nervous.

"Come on." Adderleaf angled her ears towards the hole, and pushed past the brambles, disappearing within moments. Fire took a step. The brambles tore at her fur as she pushed through them. She could tell that she left clumps of firey fur.

Her eyes drifted around the huge clearing, and her jaw dropped at the sheer number of cats in the clearing.

"Welcome to MoonClan."

Chapter Six-

All chatting stopped, and all heads turned towards Fire and Adderleaf. Fire forced herself to stand tall as the Whispers started to ripple through the crowd. Adderleaf waved her tail, and went forward into the middle of the camp. Fire followed hesitantly. The cats moved out of their way as they reached the middle.

Fire glanced around uneasily as a cat ran towards a group of three large cats. A black she-cat with golden eyes stepped forward, authority and power in her stride. The other two cats followed. One was an old brown tom with brown eyes and a blue she-cat with green eyes. The black she-cat leaped down from the big ledge they had been laying on, and the others followed. The black she-cat didn't slow her pace as she stepped into the crowd. They parted for her and the other two to get through. Some even dipped their heads. She came to a halt in front of Fire, golden gaze burning down on Fire's pelt.

"Who are you?" The she-cat questioned. Adderleaf stepped up beside Fire. "And Adderleaf, Why are you back so early?"

"Her name is Fire." Adderleaf replied, earning a hostile glare from Fire. "And Doveclaw made me bring her back."

"I see." The she-cat closed her eyes, and her tail lashed. The other two sat down, and curled their tails around their paws. Fire plucked at the ground nervously. The she-cat opened her eyes after a few moments.

"Why are you here?" The she-cat demanded. Fire wanted to shrink down. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I-i..." Fire stuttered. The she-cat glared at her before turning back to Adderleaf.

"Where did you find her?" The she-cat growled. "We don't have lots of room for more cats. Especially kits."

"I'M NOT A KIT!" Fire yowled. The she-cat looked over at Fire.

"How old are you?" She asked. Fire extended her claws.

"5 moons." Fire hissed. The she-cat laughed.

"You're a kit." She turned back to Adderleaf. "Go and see if Spottedfrost will take care of her. I will name her later."

"I have a name!" Fire objected. The she-cat kept talking.

"I already know the perfect name." The she-cat whirled around and was on top of the ledge within heartbeats. The other two followed slowly. The blue she-cat hesitated before turning back to Fire and Adderleaf.

"I'm sorry about Deathstar. She is worried about her mate, and she is just Moody these days." The she-cat smiled warmly at Fire. "I'm Riverstar by the way."

Fire nodded, and the she-cat hurried away. Adderleaf had slipped from Fire's side, and when Fire looked around for her, was pushing into a small den. Fire followed, ignoring the comments others flung at her. A black pelt caught her attention at the edge of the clearing. Bright blue eyes caught hers, and she forced herself to look away, blushing. She ran into the den where Adderleaf had disappeared.

Chapter Seven-

Fire lay, sprawled out, in the sun while Flamekit and Waterkit ran around her, playing with a ball of moss. Spottedfrost watched the kits play, keeping an intrusting eye on Fire. Fire rolled her eyes and laid her head down on the ground. Other cats moved in and out of the camp, bringing back prey and sometimes nothing. As more and more cats entered the camp, and less and less went out, Deathstar rose to her paws on the ledge.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Clan Rock for a clan meeting!" Deathstar yowled, and Riverstar and the brown Tom stood on either side of her. All the cats gathered, and Fire was nudged to her paws by Spottedfrost. Fire lashed out a paw, and hit Spottedfrost on the nose. Spottedfrost hissed a warning at Fire, and pushed her kits towards the crowd of cats. Fire followed, and sat near the edge of the group. Two cats sat next to her, the brown tom from the glowing tree, and the black tom she had seen the day before. She did her best not to squirm as they both looked at her. She focused her gaze on Deathstar.

"I have gathered you to Welcome a new member to our clan. She was a rogue, found by our medicine cats. Fire, step forward." Deathstar commanded, staring at Fire. Fire stood, and stepped forward a little bit.

"You are 5 moons old. Until you receive your apprentice name, you will be known as Scorchkit." Deathstar dipped her head. Scorchkit stared at Deathstar with surprise. *She changed my name just like that?!?! WHY?!?!?!* Scorchkit screeched in her mind. She stormed back to her spot in the sun as Deathstar dismissed the clan.

Chapter Eight-

~Time Lapse of 1 moon~

Scorchkit watched Deathstar as she closed her eyes in pain. Scorchkit placed a paw on Deathstar's stomach, and felt bodies moving. She slipped out of the delivery den, and darted to the medicine cat den.

"Fallenleaf! Deathstar's kits are coming!" Scorchkit hissed into the dark den. A scuffling sound came, then the brown tom emerged, eyes dull with sleep. Scorchkit pushed him, and ran back to the delivery den.

"Deathstar, Fallenleaf will be here in a moment." Scorchkit promised. Deathstar looked up at Scorchkit with wild eyes. A shudder passed through Deathstar, and she started to whimper. Scorchkit darted out of the nursery, and headed to a tree.

Small sticks littered the ground. Scorchkit scraped aside the small, weak twigs, and found a strong, sturdy one that was all twisted and thick. She grasped it in her teeth, and ran back to the delivery den.

"Bite down on this." Scorchkit ordered. Deathstar took the stick and bit down hard. Fallenleaf appeared next to Scorchkit, a bundle of herbs in his jaws. He dropped them in front of Scorchkit, and pressed his paw against Deathstar's stomach.

"I think you're going to have four kits. Dragonfur should've been here to see this." Fallenleaf muttered that last part under his breath. Deathstar's eyes flew wide open.

"He died?!" She screeched, and the branch splintered as the first kit slid out. A small black she-cat. Fallenleaf licked her fur backwards, and soon the she-cat mewled. Fallenleaf nudged the kit to Deathstar's stomach. Fallenleaf looked back at Deathstar.

"No, he isn't dead. But he's getting worse." Fallenleaf said quietly.

Scorchkit glanced at Fallenleaf. Her mind spun when he glanced at her. He turned away quickly. Another crack told Scorchkit the branch was almost done for. Another kit slid out, and Scorchkit lunged forward to move it out of the way as yet another kit came out. The tom she had taken was gray with blue paws. Scorchkit licked his fur like she had seen Fallenleaf do to the other kit. She glanced at him, and then the kit. The kit he had licked was a pure blue she-cat, smaller than the rest. Fallenleaf and Scorchkit set the kits next to the first, and they stumbled blindly, looking for milk. Fallenleaf touched Deathstar's stomach once more, and shook his head. Scorchkit saw worry in his eyes. Deathstar shrieked in agony as she struggled to get the last kit out. The branch was two twigs by now. Deathstar yowled one last time, and the last kit slowly emerged, still. Fallenleaf grasped the kit, and started to lick it fiercely. It didn't move. Scorchkit saw the kit wasn't breathing at all. It let out one pitiful wail, then slumped down, dead. Deathstar yowled her pain out, a slow, agonizing sound that made Scorchkit feel like her heart was being torn in half. The dead kit was an exact image of Dragonfur, except small. Scorchkit looked at Deathstar, sadness and sympathy clouding her eyes.

"What're their names?" Scorchkit whispered. Fallenleaf nudged Scorchkit, trying to push her outside. Deathstar locked eyes with Scorchkit, and pointed her tail at the first kit. The black she-cat.

"Maplekit." Deathstar moved to the next one, the gray tom with blue paws. "Coldkit." The pure blue she-cat. "Riverkit." The dead kit. "Fernkit."

"Wonderful names." Scorchkit called over her shoulder as she was thrown out of the delivery den. Cats had gathered around, all drowsy from sleep. Scorchkit slipped through the crowd. Fallenleaf followed her. She was aware that another cat was next to her, and she could feel hostile static in the air. She squeezed into the medicine cat den, and the smell of herbs hit her.

"Yes Scorchkit?" A voice called from deeper down. She stepped a little further inside.

"Can I speak to Dragonfur?" Scorchkit called softly. Scrapes came from further down.

"First cave on the left." The voice replied. Scorchkit ran, turning at the cave.

The sickness scent hit her, making her wrinkle her nose in disgust. She saw a nest in the middle of the small cave, and in it was a small lump of fur. Scorchkit sat down at the edge of the cave.

"Dragonfur?" She called softly. His head lifted, and he turned to look at her.

"Yes?" He croaked. Scorchkit gulped, and continued.

"Deathstar gave birth to four kits. Three are alive and healthy." Scorchkit meowed. Dragonfur stared at her with cold, misty eyes.

"One died?" He whispered. Scorchkit hesitated before nodding. He let out a strangled gurgle, then stumbled to his paws, wobbling. Scorchkit rushed to his side, and pressed against him.

"You need to stay down." Scorchkit walked slowly with him. *Even if he needs to stay down, he will stumble around until he kills himself. I have to help him.* Scorchkit led him outside.

"What in StarClan's name are you doing?!" Fallenleaf appeared and hissed. Scorchkit stopped moving.

"He was going to move out here by himself. I only stopped him from possibly falling!" Scorchkit snapped. Fallenleaf stood next to Dragonfur, and let him lean on him. Scorchkit darted away, towards the delivery den.

"How are you?" Scorchkit asked once she had gotten inside. Deathstar looked up at Scorchkit with grief in her eyes.

"Coldkit is dead!"

Chapter Nine-

Scorchkit watched the Elders carry the two kits out of camp. Deathstar was sitting by the nursery, fur matted and messy, ungroomed. Her kits were inside, probably sleeping. Darkstar and Riverstar were standing on the great rock, performing the ceremony.

"Deathpaw, please step forward." Riverstar called. The black tom with blue eyes that had mystified Scorchkit padded up. She watched him with awe.

"I know you are only eight moons old, but you have shown great skill and courage in the latest border skirmish, where we won against StormClan." Darkstar broke off, coughing. Scorchkit watched him. He recovered after a few moments. "Deathpaw, I, Darkstar, one of the three leaders of MoonClan, name you-"

"WAIT!" Deathstar yowled in protest. Darkstar paused, and everyone turned to face Deathstar. She stood up. "He has shown great skill and courage. So he doesn't deserve a name like Death. I strip you of your name."

Gasps of shock and protest rose from the clan. Scorchkit felt her jaw drop.

"I name him Blackfang." Deathstar continued. The cats turned back to Darkstar to see his reaction. His tail lashed angrily, and his eyes flooded with anger.

"Fine." He spat. "I name you Blackfang, and we honor you as we Welcome you as a full member of MoonClan." Darkstar yowled. Blackfang looked confused, but he dipped his head and padded over to Scorchkit.

"Scorchkit, please step forward." Riverstar called. Surprise flowed through Scorchkit as she stepped forward.

"You are six moons, so it is time to begin your apprenticeship. You will be known as Scorchpaw until you receive your warrior name. Foxtooth will be your mentor." Riverstar told her. Scorchpaw dipped her head, and turned to look at a fox like tom with brown eyes. He tilted his head, then dipped his head. Scorchpaw headed back to her spot, and waited for the ceremony to end. Blackfang leaned down and whispered in Scorchpaw's ear.

"I need to talk to you later." He whispered. Scorchpaw nodded, confused. *I wonder what for?* She thought. The ceremony ended with honoring the Elders, something new.

"Let's go." Blackfang started to walk towards the forest. Scorchpaw followed, as captivated as ever.

Chapter Ten-

Blackfang and Scorchpaw walked side by side out of the camp. Scorchpaw took note of everything they passed, the trees, the bushes, the paths. A gnarled dead tree here, a small rabbit hole there. Eventually, they cane to a small stump. It looked like it could hold two cats on it, no more. Blackfang leaped up onto it, and sat down with his tail curled over his paws.

"Why did we have to come all the way out here?" Scorchpaw asked, and sat down. Blackfang stared at her. She shifted uneasily under his gaze.

"This is something that is somewhat....embarrassing." Blackfang glanced away. Scorchpaw moved forward slightly.

"Yes..?" She pressed. Blackfang didn't look at her.

"Well....I was wondering if....you know, when you became a warrior, that if you would like to be my-" Blackfang was cut off by a brown shape that hurtled out of a bush. Blackfang was barreled over, letting out a yowl of alarm. Scorchpaw leaped to her paws, but calmed once she had seen who burst through. It was Fallenleaf. He scrambled off of Blackfang, looking angry. Blackfang jumped up, fur fluffed out.

"Why are you here, medicine cat?" Blackfang hissed in annoyance. Scorchpaw stifled a mrrow of laughter. Fallenleaf padded over to Scorchpaw, and sat next to her. Blackfang glared at him.

"Hi! What're you two doing here?" Fallenleaf mewed cheerfully, angling the question at Scorchpaw. Scorchpaw opened her mouth to reply, but Blackfang started.

"We were talking. Then you interrupted." Blackfang spat. Fallenleaf pinned his ears back, fake hurt flashing in his eyes. Scorchpaw didn't see it was fake, and tested her tail on his shoulders. She heard a low growl from Blackfang. Fallenleaf cast a victorious glance at

Blackfang.

"Fallenleaf, could you leave so we can talk? Blackfang was in the middle of saying something when you burst through." Scorchpaw asked slowly. This time, real hurt flashed in his eyes. He stood up, and padded away, trying to hide his jealousy. Scorchpaw watched him leave before turning back to Blackfang.

"I wonder why he's so sad." Scorchpaw sniffed. Blackfang flicked his tail, and returned to his spot on the stump.

"Anyways. I was wondering if that when we were warriors, if you would like to be my-"

"Oh, grow up Honeypaw! It was a twig!" An irritated voice came from the bushes, cutting Blackfang off. He pinned his ears back.

"Dear StarClan! Can't we get any peace?!" Blackfang hissed. Scorchpaw padded towards the sound.

She pushed the bushes aside to see a MoonClan patrol, probably hunting. It consisted of Honeypaw, Lightmoon, Jaggedlight, Ravenpaw, and Tigerear. They were making enough noise to scare all the prey from here to SnowClan territory. Scorchpaw went back to her spot.

"It's just a patrol. Continue." Scorchpaw said with a dismissive flick of her tail. Blackfang pulled his ears back.

"Scorchpaw, I'm going to just say it. Will you be my mate?" Blackfang asked in a rush. Scorchpaw let out a long breath. Her mind reeled. *Is this some kind of joke?* She looked at his eyes. They gleamed with anxiety, and a little bit of nervousness.

"I'm not even a warrior yet. *You're* barely a warrior! I just became an apprentice *today*. I'm not saying no, I am just saying I have to be a little older." Scorchpaw added when Blackfang looked like he was heartbroken. He quickly straightened up, and looked at her.

"You better decide soon. I won't wait forever." Blackfang stood, and walked away. Scorchpaw darted in front of him.

"If you truly love -or like- me, you would wait a lifetime." Scorchpaw murmured. His ears shot up.

"I'm just saying, don't string me along while someone else holds your heart. Tell me if you don't like me, because I will back off, even if it breaks my heart." Blackfang turned away, and headed towards camp. Scorchpaw watched him leave, following only once his tail had disappeared.

Chapter Eleven-

Scorchpaw kept close to the ground, eyes fixed on the vole, it sat right next to a small hole, still. Scorchpaw let her claws slide out, keeping her eyes on the vole. Her tail hit a leaf, making it flip over and crackle. The vole sat up, and darted back into it's hole. Scorchpaw made one last feeble lunge for it, but missed by a mouselength. She hissed at it, and stormed back to the clearing where her mentor was waiting.

"You missed it." Foxtooth said quietly when Scorchpaw returned. Scorchpaw glared at him.

"Oh really? I didn't notice!" Scorchpaw snapped. Foxtooth flicked his tail. Scorchpaw sat down in front of him. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. Now, since we just did hunting, I guess for the rest of the day you can double train with Frostpaw and Ravenpaw." Foxtooth smiled. Scorchpaw bounced up and down, excitement rushing through her.

"Let's go!" Scorchpaw started to run around. Foxtooth stifled a small bit of laughter.

"They're in the Sharp Rocks, Let's go surprise them." Foxtooth purred. Scorchpaw nodded vigorously, and followed her mentor as he led her to the Sharp Rocks.

"Hi!" Frostpaw mewed when Scorchpaw and Foxtooth came into the sandy area. The Sharp Rocks were a group of tall rocks on a sandy area in the middle of the territory, a giant oak tree sprouting from in the middle of the circle of rocks. Ravenpaw didn't look at Scorchpaw. Confusion slipped into Scorchpaw's mind. She shrugged it off. Frostpaw pranced over to Scorchpaw. Her white and blue pelt reflected the warm light. Swiftwing and Riverstar stood on top of one of the tall rocks, watching the apprentices. Foxtooth leaped up to join them as Scorchpaw padded to the Shadow of the rocks. Riverstar was the first to speak.

"You three are going to try something we make every apprentice master before they become warriors. And no that does not mean you are close to being nd a warrior." Riverstar added with a purr as Ravenpaw perked up. She slumped back down. "You three are going to attack each other, all at once. No claws, and please flat hurt yourselves on the rocks."

"How long will we fight?" Frostpaw chimed in. Riverstar glanced at her.

"Until only one can fight." Riverstar replied. Frostpaw nodded. "Start when you're ready."

"Okay. Ravenpaw? You ready?" Frostpaw turned to the black apprentice. She stared at Scorchpaw with dark brown eyes.

"I'm ready." Ravenpaw lashed her tail.

"As am I." Scorchpaw agreed. Ravenpaw crouched, and the other two followed. Frostpaw started to count.

"3...2...1...GO!" Frostpaw screeched, and Ravenpaw launched herself at Scorchpaw. Scorchpaw met her with her paws up, and was barreled over. Ravenpaw battered Scorchpaw's stomach with hard, swift blows. Scorchpaw shrieked as claws dug into her stomach. Ravenpaw glared down at Scorchpaw with hatred filled eyes. Scorchpaw faintly saw a flash of white, then Ravenpaw was off of Scorchpaw. She stood up shakily, aware of the blood dripping on the ground. Frostpaw and Ravenpaw were wrestling in the sand, sending it showering over Scorchpaw. She shook her pelt, and leaped into the fray.

"She said no claws!" Frostpaw hissed. Ravenpaw didn't say anything, just pummeled Frostpaw with blows to the muzzle. Scorchpaw felt anger blow inside her as Ravenpaw threw Frostpaw against a tree. Frostpaw didn't get up. Ravenpaw leaped up and turned to Scorchpaw. Scorchpaw shrunk down as the larger apprentice hurled herself at Scorchpaw. A red body appeared in front of her, taking the blow. Foxtooth stumbled into Scorchpaw, making her fall. Foxtooth swayed on his paws, and Scorchpaw saw blood falling on the ground. Riverstar rushed over to her

apprentice, worry radiating off her in waves. Swiftwing stormed towards his apprentice, rage and horror in his eyes. Ravenpaw stood up, and shook her pelt clear of sand and dirt. Soon Swiftwing was towering over her, a low growl in his throat.

"No claws! You hurt three clanmates!" Swiftwing growled. Ravenpaw shrugged.

"They should've been stronger." Ravenpaw licked her paw, and drew it over her ear. Swiftwing smacked her on the side of the head. "What was that for?"

"You are confined to camp for three moons, and you will take care of *everything* the Elders need! I don't care if it's licking behind their ears! You will do it!" Swiftwing snarled. Ravenpaw's eyes grew wide.

"I didn't mean-" Ravenpaw was cut off by Swiftwing's glare.

"Go. Now!" Swiftwing ordered. Ravenpaw hissed, and stormed off towards camp. Swiftwing watched her leave, then headed towards Foxtooth and Scorchpaw. Foxtooth was laying on the ground, his wound deeper than first thought. Scorchpaw was crouched over him.

"He's going to be fine." Scorchpaw whispered to herself. "Swiftwing, please go get Adderleaf."

Swiftwing nodded, and darted to camp. Scorchpaw glanced up at Riverstar and Frostpaw. Frostpaw hadn't moved, her paw was twisted, her back bent at a weird angle. Scorchpaw looked back at her mentor. The bleeding had slowed, but it still came out. *Ravenpaw did this. Why?* Scorchpaw asked herself. *What is* wrong *with her?!*

Chapter Twelve-

"Are you okay?" Scorchpaw asked Foxtooth. Foxtooth had been brought to the medicine cat den last sunrise, but he hadn't moved since. He had slept through the night and morning, just waking up at sunhigh.

"I'm fine." Foxtooth purred. Scorchpaw sighed in relief. Foxtooth leaned over to lick his side, but stopped when the scent of herbs hit him. His nose scrunched up, and he turned his head away. He turned his gaze onto Scorchpaw.

"Can you send Darkstar in here?" He asked. Scorchpaw nodded, and squeezed out of the den.

Darkstar was sitting next to the entrance of the den, as if he was waiting. Scorchpaw dipped her head to him.

"Foxtooth wants to talk to you." Scorchpaw told him. He brushed past her, and into the den. Scorchpaw snuck to the crack next to the den, and pressed her ear against the wall.

"Scorchpaw needs a new mentor. Until I am better." Foxtooth's voice came to her.

"Like who? You're the best to train her. Besides, Blazeheart isn't here. He can't train her. That's the only one that trains like you." Darkstar argued. Silence fell for a few moments.

"Blazeheart died, yes. But he had another apprentice." Foxtooth paused. "Darkwater would be a good mentor for her. I want him to mentor her while I am injured. I am worried it will be a while. On the same subject, Ravenpaw needs to be punished. She attacked *three* clanmates. With claws. Viciously."

"I am aware. I heard Swiftwing punished her already, but this calls for something more severe. She is eight moons, correct?" Darkstar asked.

"Yes."

"She is going back to a kit. For three moons as she takes care of the Elders." Darkstar finally replied. Scorchpaw's jaw dropped. *A kit? Ravenpaw is going to be so mad!*

"That is a fair punishment. She would have killed Scorchpaw if I hadn't leaped in front of her." Foxtooth groaned.

"I am going to go get Darkwater. Don't bother coming to the clan meeting if you aren't feeling well." Darkstar emerged a few moments later, startling Scorchpaw. She scrambled to stand up.

"You heard everything, didn't you." It was more if a statement than a question. Scorchpaw nodded. Darkstar sighed, and padded away. Scorchpaw watched him leave before ducking back into the den.

~Time Lapse of 1 Sunrise~

"Darkwater, are you sure?" Darkstar looked saddened by his friend's choice. The black tom nodded. "Okay. I respect your decision. Darkwater, we honor how many moons you hunted for us, how many battles you fought, how many borders you marked. Thank you for your service to me and your clan. We Welcome you to the Elders den, hoping you have many seasons of good rest." Darkstar dipped his head to Darkwater. Darkwater padded over to the Elders. They welcomed him with purrs. "Now. Since Foxtooth is hurt, Scorchpaw needs a new mentor. So, the only cat I can think can handle is a new warrior. Blackfang, you will be Scorchpaw's new mentor until Foxtooth is healed."

Scorchpaw's jaw dropped. Blackfang nodded, and Darkstar continued.

"Also. Ravenpaw attacked three clanmates, viciously. She could have killed Scorchpaw if Foxtooth hadn't jumped in front of her. Ravenpaw, you are no longer an apprentice. You will be known as Ravenkit, and you will be serving the Elders for three moons, when you earn your apprentice name." Darkstar looked down at Ravenkit. Her face was a mixture of horror, shock, and rage. Her pelt was fluffed up, her ears pinned back, her claws out, her teeth bared.

Swiftwing blocked her as she lunged for the rock. Darkstar watched her, eyes flaring. He stepped forward, and jumped off the rock. He strode through the parting crowd, stopping once he was in front of Ravenkit. She snarled at him from behind Swiftwing.

"Let her go." Darkstar ordered Swiftwing. Swiftwing hesitated before stepping away. Ravenkit lashed her tail, and crouched. Darkstar glared at her.

"Stop. You aren't showing that you deserve to be an apprentice. I *will* extend your kitship." Darkstar growled. Ravenkit hissed.

"I hate you." She spat. Darkstar raised his muzzle, daring her to act upon her hatred. Then she did.

Chapter Thirteen-

Ravenkit hurled herself at Darkstar, spitting in rage. Darkstar swatted her aside with a paw, barely moving. Ravenkit stumbled to the side, and ran back at him. He swatted her again. She fell over again.

"Hold her down." Darkstar pointed his tail at Swiftwing. Swiftwing pounced on Ravenkit as she was about to leap at Darkstar again. Swiftwing pinned her quickly, keeping his claws tucked away. Darkstar didn't move as he spoke.

"Ravenkit just attacked her own leader. She can be an apprentice again, but it won't be in MoonClan. I, Darkstar, one of the three leaders of MoonClan, exile you from MoonClan for attacking clanmates on purpose. You will be treated like an enemy the second you are out of camp. Leave." Darkstar silently ordered Swiftwing to let her up. Ravenkit leaped up, and glared at the clan. She walked slowly through the parting crowd, and disappeared from the camp without a second glance behind her. Scorchpaw watched her leave. A shrill wail broke the silence.

"Frostpaw!" It cried. Scorchpaw leaped up, and looked around the camp. Her eyes found Riverstar. Riverstar was standing over a small, white and blue body. Riverstar's eyes were wide. Darkstar moved towards Frostpaw and Riverstar, trying to act calm, but Scorchpaw could feel the grief and worry radiating off him. Scorchpaw trailed after him, trying to catch a glimpse past him. The rest of the clan approached them slowly.

"Frostpaw." Riverstar cried again. A white tom placed his tail on her shoulders, whispering things in her ear. After a moment, she pulled back, ears pinned, teeth bared.

"She was our kit! And you say that it's fine?!" Riverstar snarled, and gasps rang throughout the clearing. No sooner than it was out, Riverstar realized what she had said. Whitewing's golden eyes widened.

"What?!" A voice screeched. "When did you have a kit?!"

Whitewing whipped around to look at the cat that had said it.

"Do you really think that's important now?! Frostpaw is dead!" Whitewing yowled. Riverstar crouched down and licked Frostpaw, removing the dirt from her fur. Scorchpaw came to a stop in front of Frostpaw. She reached out a paw to prod Frostpaw. Riverstar growled lowly, not pausing in her cleaning.

"How did it happen?" A voice came from behind Scorchpaw. She turned around, her eyes finding green ones.

"You're the medicine cat, Fallenleaf. You should know." Scorchpaw spat. His gaze filled with hurt, and he turned away. Guilt pricked her pelt. "I'm sorry! Fallenleaf..."

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Riverstar and Whitewing grasped Frostpaw, and slowly pulled her out of camp. The clan formed two lines on either side of the entrance, forming a tunnel for the three to walk through. Scorchpaw stayed in the back, still not fully grasping how Frostpaw could have been sitting up one moment, then dead the next.

"She was internally injured, her heart weak from the blow against the tree. It was only a matter of time, or a certain about of excitement, until her heart gave. It was quick, she didn't feel anything except a small jerk. It was painless. I promise." Fallenleaf had told her. Scorchpaw hadn't said anything since, grief had overwhelmed her. ***I can't imagine how Riverstar and Whitewing must feel.*** *She had thought.* ***I wouldn't want to go through this as a mother. My kit being killed by a blow to the side. Because some.....some monster decided to play rough.***

Chapter Fourteen-

~Time Lapse of 2 1/2 moons~

Scorchpaw placed each paw down gently, eyes locked on the starling. It pecked the ground, oblivious to Scorchpaw stalking it. Scorchpaw stopped a tail length from it, tail lashing slowly. She pounced, claws extended. The starling chirped in alarm, and fluttered upwards. Scorchpaw hissed in annoyance, and leaped up. Her claws sunk into the soft body of the starling, dragging it down in a flurry of feathers. Scorchpaw snapped it's neck quickly, standing up and trotting back to where Blackfang was waiting.

Scorchpaw dropped her prey at his paws, adding to the already small pile consisting of two squirrels and a mouse. Blackfang nodded approvingly, his gaze warm as she looked up at him. Scorchpaw flushed, and turned away. He stood up, and padded around her.

"You're coming to the gathering tonight. And Deathstar decided to make me your permanent mentor." Blackfang mewed. Scorchpaw struggled to contain her excitement as she nodded. He stopped in front of her, looking into her eyes.

"Did you ever choose?" He whispered. Scorchpaw stared at him, puzzled. He sighed before replying. "About when you're a warrior...?"

"Oh." Realization hit Scorchpaw like a monster. She shuffled her paws nervously, averting her eyes from his.

"Well?" He coaxed softly. Scorchpaw glanced at him.

"I.....I haven't decided." Scorchpaw admitted. Blackfang's eyes grew dark. Scorchpaw immediately felt horrible. "It's not like I don't like you! That's not it! It's just.....I'm still too young. I do like you, I just....the morning after my warrior vigil, I will tell you. Okay?"

Blackfang turned away, and stood with his back to her for a moment.

"Fine." He finally agreed. Relief filled Scorchpaw. She purred, and grabbed her prey, leaving a squirrel and the mouse for him to carry. He picked them up, and they padded back to camp.

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Scorchpaw stared at the waterfall, mystified by it's beauty. The silvery water cascaded down the shiny rocks, and the moon reflected off the water. The leaders and their deputies sat in their places, looking out on the clans with watchful eyes. After a few moments, Deathstar stepped forward. Her eyes glistened.

"I have no news except that we have new warriors who are keeping vigil tonight. Please Welcome them even though they aren't here. Moonfire, Honeyheart, and Shadelight!"

"Moonfire! Honeyheart! Shadelight!" The clans yowled half-heartedly. Scorchpaw didn't move for the whole gathering. SnowClan reported MoonClan stealing prey, Darkstar countered the accusation, StormClan didn't have any news except Reedfur retired to the Elders den. Slow gathering.

Scorchpaw curled up in her nest, her tail draped over her nose. She drifted into a deep sleep quickly.

Chapter Fifteen-

"Scorchflower!" The clan yowled. Scorchflower puffed her chest out proudly, eyes glittering. She caught Blackfang's eye, and saw him yowling her name with all his heart. Once the cheering died down, Deathstar continued.

"One more thing. I have decided, since we lost our dead Darkstar last moon, we only meed one leader. Once either I or Riverstar are gone, it will be like a regular clan. One leader, one deputy, but the same amount of medicine cats. My deputy, Shadefrost, wants to go to the Elders den with Duskleaf. I allow him. Thank you for your service. Lightmoon, you are my new deputy." Deathstar dipped her head to Lightmoon. Lightmoon nodded, and stood up.

"I would be honored to serve this clan as a deputy. Thank you." Lightmoon sat back down.

"Clan dismissed!" Deathstar leaped down, and ordered a patrol. "Lightmoon, take Leafclaw, Frostberry, and Whitewing border patrolling. All of them please. Come back right after. Scorchflower, sleep. You need your rest for your vigil tonight. The rest of you, speak to Tallfur for other duties."

Scorchflower found the empty nest next to Blackfang's, and curled up in it. Her mind drifted to sleep almost the moment her eyes closed.

~•~

"Congratulations, Scorchflower." A voice purred. Scorchflower looked around, staring at the grassy plain around her. Endless grass hills, no flowers, no trees, no clouds, just the grass, sun, and blue sky. A cone of mist swirled in the air, then plummeted to the ground, flattening as it hit the ground. It then lifted, forming a small cat shape before disappearing completely. A pure white tom with dark, almost black, brown eyes. He watched her.

"I am Frostheart, a medicine cat from long ago, the one that saw the end of ThunderClan, WindClan, RiverClan, and ShadowClan. I watched the worst battle you could imagine fall into place, clanmates turned against clanmates, friends against friends, kin against kin, mates against mates, kits against parents. Out of the ashes of the bloody battle rose five of the strongest cats the entire clans have ever known. Leafheart, a compassionate, kind she-cat that only extended her claws in great times of need, but when she did, she was to be greatly feared. Stormfire, a fierce, smart tom that was bloodthirsty. Snowclaw, a blind she-cat that killed any cat that crossed her path, Nighthawk, a witty tom that outsmarted all his opponents until they killed each other, and Cloudswipe, a secretive she-cat that always got what she wanted, no matter what. They made the five clans, as you could guess." Scorchflower stopped him with a wave of her tail.

"Why are you telling me this?" Scorchflower asked stubbornly. Frostheart shot her a glare.

"You, believe it or not, are a descendant of one of the greatest leaders of all. His name was Firestar. He was amazing. He was the best of the best. But for your clan, no, for all the clans, I promise you will be better. I have one thing to tell you, one last thing. Listen carefully.

Burn and Raven will meet in battle, at the setting of the dying sun, but none of the rest can be put to the test, until the burn is done.

This is your destiny, this is your future. It will be here before you know, watch for the sign of the second snow." Then Scorchflower was ripped from StarClan.

Chapter Sixteen-

Scorchflower watched the sun peek over the tree tops, making the sky a orange/pink color. The sunlight reflected on Scorchflower's pelt, shining like fire. The soft wind ruffled her fur, pushing her ears back a little. The entrance to camp rustled, and Blackfang padded out.

"Deathstar told me to tell you your vigil is over." He sat next to her. She dipped her head, and stretched her stiff muscles. Her jaws parted in a huge yawn, and her claws tore up the grass under her paws. She shook her pelt, and angled her ears towards the forest. Blackfang nodded, stood up, and they padded out into the forest.

"Don't talk. Just listen." Scorchflower ignored the branches that tugged on her pelt. She slowed to a halt, waiting for Blackfang to stop next to her. "I am a new warrior. Right now,my duty is to my clan, our clan. I would live to have your kits."

Blackfang started to purr, but Scorchflower raised her tail to silence him.

"However. As I said, right now my duty is to my clan. In a few moons, we can have kits. Not now." Blackfang lashed his tail.

"What's more useful to your clan, having one extra warrior for a few moons, or instead of wasting time, have kits for the clan! Having kits is the most honorable part of being a warrior!" Blackfang exclaimed. Scorchflower rolled her eyes.

"I am not ready to be a mother yet, and you might be ready to be a father, but it's not the right time. It's just for two moons or so. That's all." Scorchflower's eyes glistened. Blackfang looked away for a moment before turning back.

"Take as much time as you want Scorchflower, but keep in mind that we don't have forever." Blackfang murmured, and pelted away, back towards camp. Scorchflower felt irritation grow inside her. She

shook her head and raced back to camp.

Chapter Seventeen-

~Time Lapse of 2 sunrises~

Scorchflower awoke to the sound of wailing. A single, mournful wail. She stood up, not pausing to stretch or clean the moss from her fur. The reeds pushed aside as she crept out of the den.

"What's going on?" Scorchflower asked Fallenleaf as he padded past. His green eyes gazed sadly into hers.

"Tigermoon's dead." Fallenleaf whispered. Dread and grief filled Scorchflower. *I didn't know him, but it's still the death of a clanmate.* Fallenleaf padded away, towards a black shape that wasn't moving, crouching next to a blue, lifeless body. *Tigermoon.* Scorchflower let her head drop, and padded over to where Deathstar was laying.

"He's in a better place." She heard Fallenleaf whisper in Deathstar's ear. Scorchflower leaned down to lick Tigermoon's fur, but Deathstar whipped around on her, snarling.

"It's all your fault!" Deathstar spat. Scorchflower backed away, ears pinned, eyes wide. Deathstar stalked slowly towards her, Scorchflower backing away more and more as Deathstar came closer.

"Deathstar!" Fallenleaf stepped in front of Scorchflower, guarding her from Deathstar's piercing gaze. "You're acting in grief, Scorchflower had nothing to do with it! She wouldn't hurt a soul."

"She brought them here!" Deathstar raised a paw with claws extended, about to swat Fallenleaf away. He didn't move, and she brought her paw down. Her claws raked across his muzzle, spattering blood on Scorchflower and the dirt around them. His head was smacked sideways, his uninjured side of his face looking at Scorchflower. He fell on Scorchflower, making them both fall over. Deathstar backed away, horrified at what she had done. Scorchflower pushed Fallenleaf off her gently, quickly grabbing his

scruff as he almost fell over. Gasps of shock and astonishment rang throughout the clearing. Scorchflower pulled him to the medicine cat den, ignoring his cries of protest that he could walk.

She curled herself around him as he drifted to sleep, purring in his ear. A purr stopped in her throat as she realized something dangerous. *Do I have feelings for Fallenleaf?*

~•~

Yeah yeah, short chapter. I've been busy, so, sorry. I have an idea of where I am going with this story, and I am sad, no, crestfallen to announce this will be the *last book of the series.* This book series Gwalior come soooooo far, and I am soooooo proud of this series, but I cannot for the life of me think of a good beginning of a new book for the ending I have planned. Ugh. BUT, I have so many other books that when this one is done, you won't have to worry about me just stopping writing. :D
Well, ima go write the next chapter, it's a bloody mess, the planing I've done, but it's worth it.

Alex

Chapter Eighteen-

-[This chapter will be following a different warrior, Goldfrost. She is a golden she-cat with gray eyes in case you didn't read the new alliance]-

Goldfrost padded through the forest, ears pricked, eyes sharp. Her paws barely made a sound as she moved. The border crept closer, the sounds beckoning her.

"One'll be here soon." A hushed whisper just barely reached her ears. Goldfrost paused, allowing her claws to extend. She crouched low to the ground, slowly moving forward. The bushes rustled as she settled in them to watch. Four cats were on the border, two toms, and two she-cats.

"Are you sure their border is here?" One of the four cats asked, a bright blue she-cat with piercing green eyes. A black she-cat that looked strikingly familiar growled and turned on the other.

"Are you doubting me, Sky?" The black she-cat snarled. The blue she-cat shook her head.

"N-no Raven!" She crouched down, ears pinned in fear. *Raven....as in Ravenkit???* Goldfrost's eyes widened. Her jaws parted in a gasp, momentarily forgetting that she was hiding. The two toms whipped around, their similar blue eyes burning with fury. The she-cats growled. Goldfrost didn't hesitate as she lept out of the bushes. The cats formed a semicircle around her, tails lashing, teeth bared, claws glistening. Goldfrost hissed a warning, trying to hide her fear.

"I'm sorry I doubted you Raven." Sky whispered. Raven nodded slightly.

"I told you one would come. Do I ever disappoint?" Raven sneered. Goldfrost lashed out as the brown tom tried to get close. Her claws barely missed his muzzle, but he jumped back.

"Goldfrost. How are you?" Raven asked in a singsong voice. Goldfrost looked at her old friend.

"Just fine." Goldfrost spat. Raven twitched her ears in amusement.

"Sorry Goldfrost. We don't have much time. You see, we're terribly hungry, and you look nice and full." The other tom, a gray tom with brown stripes and the blue eyes, swiped his tongue around his muzzle, eyes gleaming. Horror filled Goldfrost.

"Are you saying that you're going to...." she gulped. "Eat me?!"

"We've gotta eat somehow. And since you won't let us hunt on *your* land....." Raven trailed off. Goldfrost backed up, eyes full of fear. Raven sat down, and kept her eyes on Goldfrost, tail raised. She waved it slightly, and the three others pounced, sending Goldfrost's screeches into silence without a second thought.

Chapter Nineteen-

~Time Lapse of 2 moons~

Scorchflower trotted through the forest, enjoying the sound of the birds, the feel of the wind in her fur, the rustle of the leaves. The nagging voice at the back of her mind was almost gone, the voice telling her something big was coming. A purr rumbled in her throat as she picked up Blackfang's scent. Her trot picked up pace a little, excited to tell him she was ready. Another, smaller scent hit her nose, barely recognizable under Blackfang's. It was so faint she couldn't pick up who it was. It wasn't stale though. *Probably just a lone hunter.* She kept her pace up, following Blackfang's scent.

Scorchflower's paws crunched the dry leaves that had fallen due to early leafbare. She slowed when she heard voices. She crept forward, low to the ground, waiting to see who was talking. She finally got in place to see who was there, almost choking when she saw. Blackfang and Lightmoon were in a tiny clearing, tails intertwined, purrs loud enough to scare the birds.

"I love you Blackfang." Lightmoon purred, licking his ear. He rubbed his muzzle on her cheek.

"I love you too." He murmured. Something broke in Scorchflower. Her mind went black, and hurt and betrayal pierced her heart. Her eyes flew open, and she couldn't hold back the growl that filled her. Both of them whipped around, fur fluffed up, eyes wide. Scorchflower slunk forward, sliding down the slope with ease. Her tail lashed angrily, her ears pushed back, teeth bared in a snarl.

"You foxheart!" Scorchflower hissed. Blackfang stepped in front of Lightmoon, guarding her.

"Me? A foxheart?" He asked, seemingly surprised. Scorchflower stopped in front of them, and glared at Lightmoon.

"You promised we would be mates. You promised you would wait."

Scorchflower snarled. Blackfang crouched, claws sliding out, ready to defend his mate.

"I did wait. Lightmoon is just better than you. In *every* way." He narrowed his eyes. Rage exploded inside Scorchflower. She just barely kept herself from leaping at him.

"You wanna know Why I came here?" Scorchflower asked. "I was ready to have kits. And I find you with this....this *mousebrain,* saying you love her. How long has this been? She has had *over 15 mates* you fleabrain! She doesn't stick with her mate!"

"You're wrong." Lightmoon snapped. Her eyes blazed a hard rage. Scorchflower lashed out, just barely missing her ear.

"You'll stay quiet if you value your pelt." Scorchflower lashed her tail. Lightmoon snapped her jaws shut. Scorchflower turned her gaze back on Blackfang.

"And *you*, you *lied.*" Scorchflower felt tears Well up in her eyes. She blinked rapidly to whisk them away. He glanced down. "How long have you been lying?"

"Scorchflower, I'm-" he began, but Scorchflower silenced him.

"How long?!" She yowled. He pinned his ears back, ashamed.

"Three moons." He whispered. Her heart snapped.

"So, before I said we would become mates?" Scorchflower exclaimed. Lightmoon didn't move as she growled.

"He's lying. We've been mates since the Moon after he became a warrior." Lightmoon sneered. Scorchflower's mind swirled. Lightmoon narrowed her eyes. "In fact, I'm expecting his kits."

That did it. With a screech, Scorchflower leaped at Lightmoon. She barrelled Lightmoon over, pinning her to the ground in moments. Scorchflower's eyes burned with hatred. Lightmoon struggled underneath Scorchflower's weight, not moving. Blackfang broke away from the shock that had kept him still, and clawed at Scorchflower's hindquarters. His claws dug in, leaving deep scores.

Scorchflower shrieked in pain, using her hind claws to kick Blackfang away. Lightmoon slashed at Scorchflower's shoulders, slicing deep wounds. Scorchflower leaned down, and clamped her teeth in Lightmoon's shoulder. Lightmoon screeched, finally launching Scorchflower off. Scorchflower flew across the clearing, hitting a tree. Just as she was about to get up, a earsplitting yowl broke all the sounds of the forest, an unmistakable yowl.

"Attack!"

Chapter Twenty-

Scorchflower looked through her blurry vision at the cats that exploded into the clearing. She struggled to her paws, noticing how the incoming cats ran around her, not attacking her, but attacking Lightmoon and Blackfang. As her vision cleared slightly, a familiar black pelt appeared in front of her. It leaned down, and whispered in her ear.

"Run." It said. Scorchflower backed away slowly, debating whether to say and fight or save herself. Shrieks rippled throughout the clearing, mostly painful ones from Lightmoon and Blackfang. Scorchflower nodded slightly, and stumbled away from the fighting cats, towards camp. Her head cleared, everything coming into place. Something was familiar about the cat that spared her. The scent, the look, the voice. She almost tripped as she realized what had happened. *Raven spared my life.*

~•~

Scorchflower burst into camp, panting heavily, eyes wide, fur fluffed out.

"Scorchflower!" Voice gasped. A brown pelt came towards her. Fallenleaf. Her shoulder spiked with pain, hurting to even put pressure on it. Fallenleaf stood next to her, allowing her to lean on him.

"What happened?!" Riverstar ran up to them. Scorchflower looked at Riverstar with dark eyes.

"Rogues...attacked me and...Blackfang and Lightmoon...I had to leave...to get help..." Scorchflower rasped. Her throat was dry, her paws tired, the rest of her in a deep pain.

"Where?" Riverstar looked around, as if expecting an attack any moment.

"Grassy Hollow." Scorchflower felt blood trickle down her leg from her wounds. Riverstar nodded and looked around the camp.

"Fallenleaf, take care of her. Amberclaw, Darkclaw, Jaggedfrost, and Silverheart, Let's go!" Riverstar charged out of camp, the chosen cats following with the same speed. Scorchflower felt herself being nudged towards the medicine cat den. She allowed herself to be moved, slowly making her way to the den. Guilt pricked her pelt as she thought about how she had left clanmates in danger, but it was replaced by anger when she remembered how she had been betrayed.

Chapter Twenty-One-

Scorchflower stood atop a green, rolling hill. Flowers bloomed every so often, setting a little color for the grassy area. The blue sky held the orange sun, no clouds in sight. Scorchflower glanced around, enjoying the breeze in her fur. All was quiet. Suddenly, the wind picked up so it was almost blowing her over. She dug her claws into the ground to keep herself upright.

"Trust your heart, a storm brews in the paws of others." A voice was carried on the shrieking wind. It was barely able to be heard. Scorchflower squinted through the wind, looking for the source. The wind stopped, leaving her fur ruffled.

"Who's there?" She called. A small whisp of mist formed in front of her. It swirled for a moment, then blew away, revealing a small, black figure. A kit. Her brown eyes were dull, her fur sleek and lined with stars.

"I am Luna." She mewed. Her voice seemed older than she was. Pain gripped Scorchflower's heart. A kit this small shouldn't die.

"Why am I here?" Scorchflower's voice spoke on it's own. She didnt want to ask that. Luna fixed her with her piercing gaze.

"Your time is soon." Luna smiled. Scorchflower didn't respond. "Be true to your heart, don't let anger decide your fate."

The second that sentence was out, everything began to fade. Scorchflower looked around in shock.

"That's it?!" She yowled into the starry sky. Another soft wind blew beside her.

"Wake up."

~•~

Scorchflower jolted awake, crying out in pain as she tried to jump up. A tail rested on her shoulders. A fluffy, gray tail. Scorchflower

looked up at Adderleaf.

"What hurts?" Adderleaf asked gently. Irritation filled Scorchflower.

"My everything." Scorchflower groaned. Adderleaf laughed.

"I'm going to give you one poppy seed. It should get rid of some pain, but not enough to put you to sleep. Deathstar doesn't want you to be asleep during the meeting at moonhigh." Scorchflower glanced around as Adderleaf spoke. Only one other cat was in the patient part of the medicine cat den. A silver bundle. Her breathing was slow and barely noticeable. The scent of blood hit Scorchflower, she hadn't noticed it before. Adderleaf turned to Silverheart.

"Where are the others? Riverstar, Amberclaw, and Darkclaw?" Scorchflower asked, panic edging her mew. Adderleaf's tail slid off as she let her head drop.

"I think it would be better for you to wait until the meeting." Adderleaf mumbled. She started to back out.

"Wait!" Scorchflower called as Adderleaf was almost gone. Adderleaf tilted her head.

"Yes?" Adderleaf asked. Scorchflower shuffled her paws.

"Is Blackfang okay? And Lightmoon?" Scorchflower added when Adderleaf narrowed her eyes.

"I think you should wait." Adderleaf muttered. Worry pierced Scorchflower's heart. The pain in Adderleaf's eyes worried Scorchflower. Scorchflower nodded, and let her head droop a little. Adderleaf hesitated before leaving. Moments later, she reappeared with a small seed on her paw.

"Eat it." Adderleaf ordered. Scorchflower lapped it up, waiting until Adderleaf left to curl up.

~•~

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather for a clan

meeting!" Deathstar's voice rang loud and clear, waking Scorchflower from a light sleep. She stood up, stretched, yawned, then padded out of the medicine cat den.

The clan had already gathered, looking expectantly at Deathstar. Deathstar's pelt was matted and dirty, her eyes a dull color. She looked defeated.

"I have called you here to announce some extremely sad news. Today, our clan was attacked. Rogues attacked us. Our warriors fought bravely to the very end. I want to honor them. Riverstar lost her remaining two lives. Amberclaw lost her life. Darkclaw lost his life. Blackfang lost his life." Scorchflower choked when she heard Blackfang's name. Deathstar continued. "And Lightmoon, our deputy, lost her life, and the life of her kits."

Wails and cries erupted. Scorchflower tried to wail, but her voice faltered. A pelt brushed against hers. A brown pelt. *Fallenleaf.* She purred inwardly. Deathstar continued after a moment.

"So, I say this in front of my warriors and my warrior ancestors so that StarClan may approved of my choice. Scorchflower will be the new deputy, and, hopefully, the next leader of MoonClan!" Deathstar yowled. Only a few cats cheered. Surprise blossomed in Scorchflower. She was frozen. She faintly heard Fallenleaf calling her name. She was nudged, and was embarrassed to see they were waiting for her to accept. She rose to her paws.

"I would be honored to be the MoonClan deputy. Thank you for this opportunity." He purred. Deathstar dipped her head.

"Clan dismissed!" Deathstar yowled. Scorchflower pushed through the parting crowd, trying to get to the medicine cat den. Deathstar leaped in front of her.

"Yes, Deathstar?" Scorchflower yawned. Deathstar looked at her with amusement in her eyes.

"Patrols?" Deathstar reminded her. Another wave of embarrassment hit Scorchflower. She turned away and looked at the waiting clan.

"Er....Yellowfur, Swiftwing, Whitewing, and Lightwhisker go to the old CloudClan territory to hunt. Sweetclaw, get four cats to go on a border patrol around here. Tigerear, take three cats on a border patrol by the old NightClan territory. Goldriver, take a patrol of five cats to the NightClan territory to hunt and make sure to stay away from the rat nest." Scorchflower nodded to the cats in turn. They dipped their heads and ran off. Scorchflower sighed, and padded back to her nest in the medicine cat den. She fell asleep in moments, curled up with her tail over her nose.

Chapter Twenty-Two-

~Time Lapse of 3 sunrises~

Scorchflower sat next to Deathstar at the top of the waterfall. It's roar drowned out the talking from the clans. Deathstar kept a watchful eye on the other leaders as they watched their clans. Scorchflower struggled to stay still, she felt like she was going to explode. Finally, Deathstar crept up to the edge of the waterfall. The clans died down once they saw her.

"MoonClan will begin!" Deathstar yowled. Everyone looked at her expectantly. "We have horrible news. There have been a series of rogue attacks lately. Many of our cats died, only two survived. Moonclaw, and our new deputy, Scorchflower."

"Scorchflower! Scorchflower! Scorchflower!" The clans called weakly. Pride flared in Scorchflower. Deathstar continued.

"Riverstar is dead." Deathstar croaked. Yowls, screeches, and hisses filled the space in the clearing. Deathstar waited for them to stop. "We have no other news."

"I am sorry for your losses." Bonestar stepped up. "StormClan has no news other than Reedfur is having kits."

"We have no news. We will keep an eye out for the rogues though." Oceanstar, the new SnowClan leader, smiled. Her fur was a dark blue-gray, and her eyes were light blue. Deathstar stepped up again.

"Thank you for gathering tonight. Sharing of tongues will go on for a while." Deathstar leaped down. Scorchflower followed, moving towards the medicine cats in a hurry. They sat under a large bush at the edge of the clearing. Her muscles ached as she moved.

"Congratulations, Scorchflower." The StormClan medicine cat, Leafwhisker, purred. Scorchflower dipped her head. Echoherb had passed a few moons ago.

"Yes, congratulations." Just as Scorchflower was about to Thank Petalherb, a blue form barrelled into Scorchflower. Scorchflower let herself be pushed over by her apprentice. Waterpaw sat on Scorchflower's side, eyes round and full of pride.

"Get off you bundle of fur!" Scorchflower teased. Waterpaw sniffed, and bounded off. Scorchflower stood up, shook her pelt, and cuffed Waterpaw gently around the ear. Waterpaw dodged it easily.

"Why aren't you visiting with the other apprentices?" Scorchflower asked. Waterpaw looked at Scorchflower.

"I don't wanna. I want to talk to the medicine cats and you!" Waterpaw squeaked. Affection filled Scorchflower. Waterpaw was like her kit. Scorchflower purred, and pulled Waterpaw next to her, wrapping her tail around her shoulders. Waterpaw watched the medicine cats, eyes half closed. *Her first gathering. She doesn't want to talk to the medicine cats, she's just tired.* Scorchflower realized, amused. Waterpaw jerked off a few times, quickly coming back to being awake. After a while, a loud yowl sounded. Waterpaw immediately stood up, eyes cloudy with sleep. Scorchflower turned to look at Deathstar.

"Let's go home!" Deathstar called. The clans separated, already starting to go home. Scorchflower nudged Waterpaw towards the gathering MoonClan. The MoonClan medicine cats followed, saying their goodbyes to the others.

Chapter Twenty-Three-

"Waterpaw, Let's go." Scorchflower called into the apprentice den. A loud yawn sounded, then pawsteps, and moments later, Waterpaw appeared, eyes cloudy with sleep, movements stiff. Scorchflower started to move away, and Waterpaw followed.

"What're we gonna do today? Battle training? Hunting? Patrols?" Waterpaw bounced around, excitement radiating off her in waves. Scorchflower watched her with amusement. They had reached the Grassy Hollow.

"Battle training." Scorchflower finally replied. Waterpaw let out a squeal of excitement. She crouched, tail lashing, ears pulled back.

"What's first?" Waterpaw swiped the air in front of her. Scorchflower sat down, and curled her tail around her paws.

"Gathering moss." Scorchflower decided. Waterpaw looked at Scorchflower with confusion.

"What?" Waterpaw stood up. Scorchflower stifled a mrrow of amusement.

"It teaches you how to control your movements, it will also make your claws stronger." Scorchflower padded over to a mossy tree Waterpaw trudged behind, mumbling curses. Scorchflower sat beside the tree, facing Waterpaw. Waterpaw sat in front of the tree.

"Extend your claw as far as possible." Scorchflower demonstrated, letting her claw slide out all the way, then further. Waterpaw struggled to do the same. Her claw came out, and Scorchflower could see she was annoyed. "Now push it further."

"What? How?" Waterpaw grumbled after she had failed to stretch her claw further.

"Push it out as far as possible, then strain it more. It may be a little

painful, but you'll get used to it. It will help with your battle training." Scorchflower raised her paw, and brought it down onto the mossy tree. Her claw sliced right through the moss, making a perfect stripe of bedding. No dirt or thorn clung to it as she placed it in the beginnings of a pile. Waterpaw tried, bringing up a layer of dirt and a scraggly shape. Waterpaw hissed in irritation, and flung it into the bushes. Scorchflower rounded on her, disappointed.

"We could have used that. All we had to have done was pick the dirt off of it." Scorchflower mewed. Waterpaw shook her head.

"I can't do this." Waterpaw growled after they had been practicing for a while. They had started at sunrise, it was now sunhigh. "I can't do it, and my claws ache."

"Again." Scorchflower commanded. Waterpaw groaned, and forced herself to try again. Scorchflower felt a little pity for the apprentice. Waterpaw sliced perfectly this time, and her eyes filled with pride. She placed her strip on the large pile of jagged strips of moss.

"I did it!" She yowled. Scorchflower nodded, proud. She separate the pile into four separate piles, and rolled them into balls.

"Take one and put it under your chin, then grab the other in your jaws." Scorchflower demonstrated how. Waterpaw struggled to get it right, finally perfecting the hold. Scorchflower took the lead on the way back to camp.

-[Such a boring chapter.....I just figured we should have *one* boring chapter every once and a while. Like, moss gathering chapters, or hunting, or battle training. I figure not every chapter can be jam packed with awesomeness, right? Think this wasn't fun to read? How fun do you think it was to write? XD. Well, I have some news. It's not going to be revealed what it's about yet, but I am making a new story! I know all the details already, but no spoilers! Yeah yeah, I have too many books already, but, hey, guess what? I'M MAKING IT ANYWAYS!! I think it'll be super interesting to see this topic, which isn't a very common topic, come to life! MUAHAHAHAHAHA! Bai my lovelies!

Alex] -

Chapter Twenty-Four-

Scorchflower looked around at the gathered cats. They watched her expectantly.

"Deathstar is feeling better, Doveclaw gave her some catmint." Scorchflower announced. Sighs of relief came from the clan. Scorchflower caught the eye of Fallenleaf. She felt heat rise in her, and she had to look away. "Freezeherb is getting some more from the border, so Deathstar should recover from greencough soon!"

The clan dispersed, grouping into small patrols to go hunt. Scorchflower leaped down, trotting over to Fallenleaf. He was waiting.

"Scorchflower, I want to talk to you." He kept his head down, seeming embarrassed. Scorchflower perked her ears, and nodded.

"Okay. The forest?" She asked. He stood up, and waited for her to follow him before going out of camp.

"It's so beautiful out here." Scorchflower purred once they had come to the original CloudClan territory. The Moors. Green, grassy hills rolled out in front of them. The blue sky held fluffy white clouds and the sun. Fallenleaf kept his eyes on Scorchflower. She glanced at him.

"Anyways, what did you want to talk about?" Scorchflower asked. He looked out over the hills. The wind ruffled both of their fur.

"You're so beautiful." He turned back to Scorchflower, his eyes full of admiration. Embarrassment flooded over Scorchflower. She didn't move. "This scenery can't compare."

"Thanks, Fallenleaf." Scorchflower purred. He looked relieved.

"I.....I think I'm in love with you." He admitted in a rush. Scorchflower whipped her head around to face him, her eyes wide.

Excitement whirled inside her. She opened her jaws to say something, but nothing came out.

"I know medicine cats can't have kits, but I can't hide my feelings any longer. Ever since I saw you at the Moon Tree, I knew I loved you. I interrupted any moment Blackfang might have had with you because I couldn't bear to see you with someone else. And to think he did something like he did..." Fallenleaf trailed off, his voice angry. "It's unforgivable. But, since he's gone, I had to tell you. I don't know how you feel about me, but, I do love you."

"Fallenleaf...." Scorchflower sighed. "I love you too. Ever since I was an apprentice. But I knew you were a medicine cat."

"I don't care about my medicine cat duties as long as you're with me. I could quit being one, or you could become one....or..." he looked away, eyes clouded. Scorchflower rested her tail on his shoulders.

"You and I both know you can't quit, and I can't quit. What if we just kept it secret?" Scorchflower suggested quietly. Fallenleaf looked back at her, eyes wide.

"What if you end up having..." he left the question unfinished, embarrassment radiating off him in waves. Scorchflower didn't move.

"So what? I don't have to say the father." Scorchflower blinked. Fallenleaf rubbed his muzzle on her shoulder, his neck bent down. She purred, and he returned it. He pulled away, and opened his jaws. Just as he was about to say something, an earpiercing screech filled the air. Scorchflower immediately charged for the source, in the old LeafClan territory. Fallenleaf was hard on her paws. Another, softer, one came. She pushed faster, finally reaching the forest.

Her claws extended, Scorchflower hurtled through the undergrowth, emerging on the other side to see a body. A white body, stained red in places, long claw marks scored on the side. It's sightless blue eyes open wide in fear. The jaws parted wit teeth bared in a last snarl, claws extended in a last try to escape.

Fallenleaf cried out, and stumbled over to the body. His yowl filled the air.

"DOVECLAW!"

Chapter Twenty-Five-

Fallenleaf buried his nose in Doveclaw's fur, whimpering. Scorchflower broke out of her frozen state, and moved slowly towards Fallenleaf. He looked up at Scorchflower. His eyes were clouded with grief.

"We need to bring her back to camp." He choked out. Scorchflower nodded, padding forward to lift Doveclaw's body up.

Doveclaw's body was heavy, bringing Scorchflower down as Fallenleaf struggled to get Doveclaw off the ground.

"Fallenleaf, I'm so sorry." Scorchflower mewed as they came close to camp. He grunted in reply, keeping his eyes down.

"Fallenleaf! Scorchflower! What happened?" Adderleaf exclaimed as they came into the camp. A crowd started to gather.

"Those rogues. We're just lucky they didn't eat her." Scorchflower sighed. Adderleaf dipped her head, and grasped Doveclaw's scruff. Fallenleaf, head down, padded over to Deathstar's den. His tail dragged on the ground behind him. Pity and sadness flashed through Scorchflower. Blue flashed at the edge of here vision. Waterpaw stared in disbelief at Doveclaw being pulled away. Scorchflower placed her tail over Waterpaw's shoulders.

"Here, Waterpaw, Let's go to the grassy hollow so we can battle train." Scorchflower nudged Waterpaw towards the camp entrance. Waterpaw nodded uncertainly, following Scorchflower out of camp.

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"*Dodge,* Waterpaw!" Scorchflower sighed, irritated. Waterpaw shook the dust from her pelt as she jumped back up. Her eyes burned with anger. She lashed her tail. Scorchflower circled Waterpaw.

"Are you okay?" Scorchflower questioned. Waterpaw looked up.

"I'm fine. Our clan is being picked off one by one, our leader is on her last life because of greencough, and we have absolutely no clue why someone is *eating* our warriors!" Waterpaw exclaimed. Scorchflower stopped.

"Waterpaw, things happen. Right now, it's newleaf. In a few moons it will be greenleaf. Things come, things pass. This is like a hard leafbare. Our newleaf will be soon, I promise you. If it doesn't, Deathstar will find a way to keep us safe." Scorchflower promised. Waterpaw shuffled her paws nervously. Scorchflower tipped her head, and flicked her tail. "Come, it's almost dark."

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Just an author's note. So, it may seem Fallenleaf is too old for Scorchflower. Fallenleaf was meant to be an apprentice in the alliances, just about halfway in his training. Blackfang, now Blackfang was quite a bit older than Scorchflower. XD Oh well. Anyways, this is REALLY, SUPER DUPER, SO FREAKIN HAPPY NEWS. This book, in ONE DAY, got OVER 300 READS! IN ONE DAY! IT NOT ONLY BROKE MY ONE DAY RECORD, IT BROUGHT US OVER OUR 2000 MARK, AND A FIFTH OF THE WAY TO 3000!! I WAS FREAKING OUT SO MUCH WHEN I SAW THAT! This little kingdom is growing quite fast! I'm so proud of you guys! Thank you for your wonderful support!!

Alex

Chapter Twenty-Six-

~Three Sunrises Later~

Scorchflower stood outside Deathstar's den, waiting.

"Deathstar?" She called softly. A string of coughs and wheezes answered. Scorchflower hesitated before pushing into the den.

The sour scent of sickness hit Scorchflower's nose. She pushed back the bile that rose in the back of her throat as she padded to where Deathstar lay.

Deathstar's normally neat, sleek black pelt was matted, lumps of fur missing. Her breathing was rough and jagged, barely there. Scorchflower prodded her.

"Deathstar?" Scorchflower mewed quietly. Deathstar's head rose, revealing dull, tired eyes. Her jaws parted in a yawn.

"Not yet my dear." Deathstar mumbled. Scorchflower tilted her head in confusion. "I must talk to Scorchflower first, then I will come."

"Deathstar? Are you okay? I came to check on you." Scorchflower glanced around the cave. Deathstar coughed.

"Scorchflower, I couldn't have chosen a better deputy." Deathstar tried to purr, but it came out as a rattled wheeze. Scorchflower sat down, curling her tail neatly around her paws. "You'll do well to serve this clan as leader."

"Deathstar...." Scorchflower whispered. Deathstar set her head down as a painful cough came out. Pity washed over Scorchflower as her leader struggled for breath. "Do you want me to get Freezeherb?"

"No, I only want you, my deputy here on my final journey." Deathstar wheezed. Scorchflower nodded, and laid down next to Deathstar. Deathstar's breaths came out more rapidly, her ribs showing with every breath.

"Dragonfur.....how I've missed you so." Deathstar murmured. Her head tilted to the side, her not being able to control it. Scorchflower licked Deathstar's head, ignoring the heat that met her tongue.

"Deathstar, I promise to lead your clan well. Leave without a worry." Scorchflower soothed. Deathstar sighed.

"Scorchflower, when Waterpaw gets her warrior name, name her Waterswipe, for me." Deathstar panted. Scorchflower was tempted to ask why, but kept her jaws shut as she nodded.

"Yes. I will." Scorchflower promised. Deathstar sighed once again, and took a deep breath.

"Lead my clan well." Deathstar mewed as her last breath escaped her. Pain gripped Scorchflower's heart, making her choke.

"Goodbye...." Scorchflower whispered. She pushed her nose against Deathstar, breathing in her scent one last time before standing up. Her paws, heavy with grief, carried her outside.

Wind tugged at Scorchflower's fur as she stood in front of the clan. They all whispered and chatted amongst themselves, nervous about the news. Scorchflower cast her gaze around them, watching the clan-- her clan -- as they talked. She puffed out her chest, and stepped up right to the edge.

"Please listen!" Scorchflower yowled. All heads turned towards her, and all voices hushed. Nervousness flashed over her for a moment. She continued. "Deathstar has passed."

Cries rang around the camp. None seemed to sound surprised. Scorchflower felt sadness well up inside her again.

"I will travel to the Moon Tree tonight with Fallenleaf. Since I will be gone all night, I need to appoint my deputy." Scorchflower said hesitantly. She looked around at the cats gathered. *Yellowfur? She's a great warrior and leader.*....Scorchflower wondered. Then, the perfect name came to mind. "Angelclaw! Will you be my deputy?"

The firey golden and white she-cat stepped up, her green eyes flashing. Her tail lashed once.

"I would be honored." She replied. Scorchflower held back a purr.

"I promise to all of you I will do my best as your leader, I will not back down from the challenge the rogues are pushing on us!" Scorchflower yowled. The clan screeched their approval. Pride flowed through Scorchflower. She turned her green eyes back on the sparked crowd. She caught Waterpaw's eye. Waterpaw glanced away. Scorchflower jumped down, slipping through the excited clan.

"Ready?" Fallenleaf asked once Scorchflower had made it to the medicine cat den. The bundle of herbs in front of her gave off a sour smell. Scorchflower nodded, and bent down to swallow them.

Chapter Twenty-Seven-

Scorchflower stood atop the grassy hill again. The mist came down in a spiral from the clear blue sky. It whisked away faster this time, revealing many cats. One stepped forward, a firey tom with green eyes like herself. He stopped in front of her.

"I am Firestar, once leader of ThunderClan. No time for talk." He added when Scorchflower opened her jaws. "With this life I give you courage. Use it to guide your clan in times of despair."

He placed his muzzle on Scorchflower's head. A bolt went through Scorchflower, leaving her shaking. Another cat stepped up. A golden she-cat with green eyes. She moved gracefully, full of pride and confidence.

"I am Goldenstar, the last leader of StormClan. None of the cats that visit you tonight can talk for long. I give you a life of forgiveness, please use it to forgive your wrongdoers." Goldenstar touched Scorchflower quickly, pulling away as quick as she came. A small shock rippled through Scorchflower. She couldn't move. It kept her paws stuck on the ground. Goldenstar was gone when Scorchflower opened her eyes. A small blue she-cat with black spots and dark green eyes stood in front of Scorchflower.

"I'm Fernkit, a stillborn kit. With this life I give you compassion. Use it to care for the sick and wounded." Fernkit gently set her nose to Scorchflower's chin. Just a small shock pricked Scorchflower's paws. Fernkit went back, replaced by a small black she-cat with gray eyes.

"I am Blackheart, a LeafClan warrior. With this life, I give you hope. It is the light in the dark. Use it well." Blackheart licked Scorchflower's ear. A bright light enveloped Scorchflower. She was left gasping when it dimmed. The next cat. Blackfang.

"Scorchflower, I'm so sorry...." he murmured. Rage exploded inside Scorchflower. She almost lept forward, but an unknown force held her back.

"With this life I give you love. Use it to find true love. I love you Scorchflower." He touched noses with Scorchflower. Disgust rolled in Scorchflower. Then amazing warmth. Just as he stepped back, Scorchflower spoke.

"I hate you. I'll never forgive you." Scorchflower hissed. Blackfang kept moving. Deathstar stepped up. She looked brand new, full of youth and life.

"My dear deputy. With this life I give you leadership. Use it to lead our clan." Scorchflower felt an unbearable pressure push down on her. Deathstar was gone by the time Scorchflower could grasp what had happened. A small brown tom was next. He had amber eyes.

"I am Brownwing, a warrior of StormClan. With this life I give you wisdom. It will guide you through your life." Brownwing flicked his tail, touching her ear, and returned to his spot. Nothing went through Scorchflower. A huge gray she-cat came forward. Her brown eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"With this life I give you loyalty. Use it to make the right decisions about everything, *including love." Her eyes narrowed. Once again, nothing was to be felt. The last one stepped forward. A golden tom with golden eyes and black stripes.*

"I am Tigerlash, a TigerClan warrior. With this life I give you strength. Use it well." He didn't touch her, he just left. Scorchflower felt lightning flash through Scorchflower. Her insides felt fried, her muscles aching. She struggled for breath as it faded.

"Scorchstar. We welcome you as the next leader of StormClan." All the cats their welcomed her. Scorchstar puffed out with pride. "Scorchstar! Scorchstar! Scorchstar!"

Then Scorchstar was washed away from StarClan.

Chapter Twenty-Eight-

Scorchstar bounded across the moors, Fallenleaf at her side. The wind rules through their pelts, carrying the scent of the trees. They sped up as the forest came into view. Fallenleaf pulled ahead, just as they plunged into the undergrowth. Excitement exploded inside Scorchstar.

"MoonClan! I am back!" Scorchstar called. Cheers greeted her as she jumped up next to her den. She cast her gaze around the cats that all gathered without question. Angelclaw sat at the edge of the clearing.

"My first duty of being leader. Too many of our clanmates have been killed! We will not tolerate our family to be hurt anymore!" Scorchstar yowled. Agreement echoed around camp. She lashed her tail angrily. Her eyes glanced around the clearing, looking at her warriors. They looked around excitedly, wanting revenge for their lost clanmates. Scorchstar nodded at Angelclaw, then leaped down. Angelclaw immediately called attention to herself, organizing patrols. Scorchstar trotted over, ears perked.

"-along the place where most of us were attacked. Jaggedfrost, act injured while the others are hiding in the bushes. Then, if they appear, the patrol consisting of myself, Yellowfur, Amberclaw, Hollymist, Mouseberry, and Leafclaw." Amberclaw announced. Jaggedfrost dipped his head, eyes glowing. Waterpaw bounced up to Scorchstar, excitement rolling off her.

"Can I fight?" Waterpaw asked sweetly. Scorchstar glanced down at her.

"No." Scorchstar replied. Waterpaw let her head drop. "Not in this party. The party I lead you can join."

"Really? Thank you Scorchstar!" Waterpaw squealed. Amusement lit Scorchstar's eyes. Waterpaw darted away. Scorchstar pushed through the crowd, towards Angelclaw. She stopped right in front

of Angelclaw.

"I am leading a second party consisting of Waterpaw, Heatherbloom, Darkwater, Poppypaw, Whitewing, Fernwhisker, Frostberry, and Waterclaw along the other borders around the place we've been attacked. We will fight off any second wave of rogues." Scorchstar mewed. "Goldriver, you will be in control of the rest of the clan while we are gone. Make four guards watch both entrances to the camp, and every so often, send a small patrol around the outside of camp to make sure they haven't been watching."

Just as Scorchstar finished speaking, a small, fluffy, white spot landed on her nose. She risked a glance up at the gray sky. Small white spots drifted down, slowly turning in the air. *The second snow since the prophecy.* Scorchstar realized. She shook her head, and looked back at the clan. They watched her with wide eyes.

"We leave now."

Announcement!

Announcement! I am deeply sorrowed to say this book is coming to an end very shortly.....like, in the next few chapters. HOWEVER! SINCE, I am ending it on a cliffie, I am going to put this entire book/series as COMPLETED, BUT I WILL BE MAKING ANOTHER ONE WITH SCORCHSTAR. IT WILL JUST BE A DIFFERENT BOOK ALTOGETHER. So, don't Ger mad or sad or confused when this one ends, because it will continue as a different story. Also, in the last chapter I will put it in Scorchstar's P.O.V, like, where the narrator is Scorchstar. It will probably be.....who knows. Maybe even next chapter! I don't know. Oh well. I guess you'll have to read next chapter to find out.....

Chapter Twenty-Nine-

I led my patrol through the forest, treading carefully. My patrol was as careful as I, not making a sound. I kept my ears pricked as we moved, listening for any signs of others. My tail swished slightly as we sped up, anticipation making us move faster. The snow fluttered down softly, starting to fall even faster. I glanced up, then back to the path.

"Get into position." I whispered once we had come to the bushes. Through the leaves, I saw Jaggedfrost limp out into the clearing. He lifted his muzzle and let out a loud wail filled with pain. Bushes rattled on the other side, and a black she-cat padded out. Her muscles rippled beneath her sleek pelt, her claws stained red, her eyes glinting with bloodlust. She licked her lips. *Ravenkit.* The voice in my head snarled. I felt my claws slip out. She approached Jaggedfrost warily, keeping eye out for any sign of danger. She waved her tail, and even more cats crawled out. I took a deep whiff of air. *You've got to be kidding me.* I cried. *Not StormClan too....*

"Poor little Kitty." Raven purred. Jaggedfrost opened his eyes in fake fear. She lashed out and caught his muzzle. Blood spattered the ground next to them. A yowl sounded, and the first patrol exploded from the bushes. Raven screeched, and cats flew from the bushes, snarling with fury as they attacked the small patrol. I realized something horrible. The first patrol was horribly outnumbered. I felt a tail brush my shoulders, and glanced back. I saw Fallenleaf behind me.

"Why are you here?!" I hissed. He tilted his head back, and I saw another patrol.

"I snuck out and saw how many. I sent another patrol." He whispered. I nodded.

"Go back." I commanded softly. He turned around and left. My gaze went back to the fight. My warriors were being beaten. The rogues and StormClan were beating us, pinning my warriors and preparing

for the death blow. Angelclaw slashed a gold tom's throat, sending his limp body onto another rogue's fighting one. A loud shriek filled the air, not from any of the cats in the clearing. All fighting stopped. The bushes that had brought the patrol rattled, and a familiar brown pelt was thrown out into the clearing. My heart twisted when I saw his green eyes meet mine. A huge black tom padded out from behind Fallenleaf. He placed a large claw on Fallenleaf's throat, pushing down. Fallenleaf was shredded. How in such a short time he had been badly beaten was beyond me. His eye was swollen shut, a big gash on his forehead that dripped blood into his eyes. His tail was mangled, his pelt stained red in most places. His pelt was missing a lot of fur. The tom pushed down, and Fallenleaf let out a strangled sound. A small cry escaped me. The tom ripped Fallenleaf's stomach, sending blood gushing down. The fighting was still silent, all cats watching. I lashed my tail and crouched. I opened my jaws as the tom pushed Fallenleaf over, showing Fallenleaf's ripped back, covered in dirt. My patrol crouched, claws out, teeth bared, ears pinned, waiting for me to give the command. My mind raced. If you had told me when I was exiled I would become leader, I wouldn't believe you. I would have never thought I could have a clan waiting on me to say they could kill. I never thought anyone would trust me. But now I know. I now know my clan will wait for me to give the command. For me to tell them to go. And now, I will. For my mate, for my clan, for my future. I lifted my muzzle, and stared at the sky.

"MoonClan! Attack!"

The End

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Cliffie! Thank ya for reading, and I already came up with the next book's title. Warriors: Prophecy of the Stars: The Flame Within

Goodbye my clan, I hope to see you in my next book.

Alex